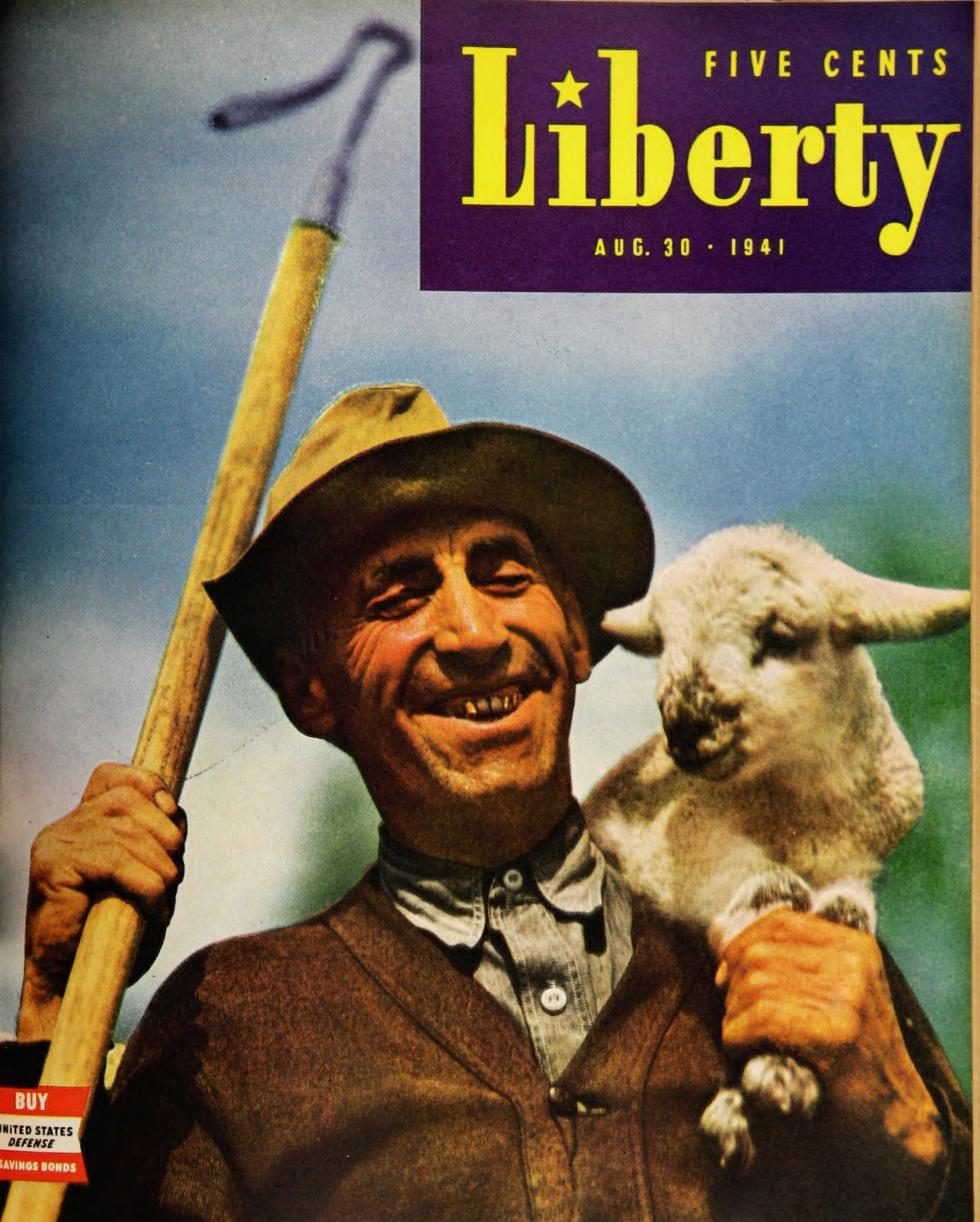
FIVE CENTS

Liberty

AUG. 30 · 1941



More Hitler Revelations *by Fritz Thyssen*

hat Is a Good Neighbor? *by President Camacho of Mexic*

LADY SHEAFFER
Lifetime Feathertouch
Ensemble, $12.25

VALIANT
Lifetime Feathertouch Ensemble (Military Clip), $
Other Ensemble (Military Clip), $6, $9, $12.75

THE WHITE DOT IDENTIFIES THE *Lifetime** PEN

Priceless Gifts

PRICED SO REASONABLY

SHEAFFER'S

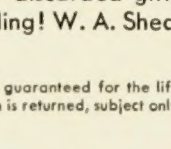
When you give, let your gift say what's in your heart. Let it say, "Be proud, as I am proud of you." Let it say, "Here is the helpful gift, useful daily." Let it say, "This gift will last through the years, as my sentiment will last." Therefore, let it be a Sheaffer's gift for School, U. S. Services, Business . . . Sheaffer's *Lifetime** Feathertouch answers each gift need. It is useful, handsome, enduring. It is sure to operate because its ONE-stroke filling and flushing action keeps it clean—and because platinum *inside* the tiny pen point slit insures instant writing action. It's the WORLD'S FINEST . . . and . . . when you consider the prices of quickly discarded gifts, it certainly is not expensive as a true expression of your feeling! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

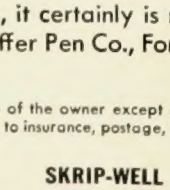
*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

Reversible

SKRIP-WELL

"MAGIC CIRCLE CAP!" Bottle threads stay clean!





Uses the Last Drop

CHEMOPURE
SKRIP, successor to ink, 15c. Economy size, 25c.

Fineline
IN WORKING TOGS . $1.00
Others $1.85up

SHEAFFER PENS, ALL COLORS, $2.75 TO $20.
PENCILS, $1 UP.
ENSEMBLES, $3.95 UP.

DOUBLE-LENGTH
LEADS—Developed fo
by Jos. Dixon Crucibl
ular Pkg. 15c. Econom

Copyright, 1941, W. A. Shea
* Trademark Reg. U. S. Pa

You couldn't blame her for writing him "NO"

A NICE, solid sort of fellow . . . with considerable charm, good manners, good looks, a real job . . . and devoted to her from the first. Certainly a man to consider when a girl has ideas of marriage. Yet Eileen found herself writing a definite "No" to the invitation to be his guest at one of the gay parties of the year in Washington. Remembering his trouble, she simply couldn't bring herself to accept.

How's *Your* Breath?

What do a man's good points amount to when he is troubled with halitosis (bad breath)? They can count for little in the face of this unpardonable social offense which anyone may commit at some time or other—*without realizing it.* The insidious thing about halitosis is that the victim may not be aware of its presence.

You may be unconsciously offending right now . . . may be jeopardizing your chances socially and in business. How foolish not to take advantage of the simple and delightful precaution which is right at hand.

Every night and every morning, and between times before appointments at which you would like to appear at your best, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

Don't Take Chances

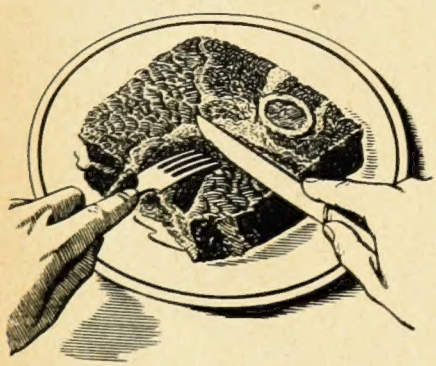
While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. Listerine immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the objectionable odors it produces. Not only your breath, but your entire mouth is the better for using Listerine.

If you don't want others to avoid you for offending in this way, if you want to be more acceptable in the social and business world, never . . . *never!* . . . omit Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date
let* LISTERINE *look after your breath

"All Meat is 96 to 98% digestible"



To eat meat has always been one of the strong desires of the human race. We like its flavor and the sense of satisfaction that it gives us. Few of us, however, have realized how thoroughly digestible meat is.

The scientific facts are: the proteins, or body building materials in meat, are almost entirely digestible, and about 96 per cent of the fat is digested.

This applies to all meats—pork, beef, lamb, veal, ham, bacon and other smoked meats. All are 96 to 98% digestible.

The flavor, appearance and aroma of well-cooked meat aid digestion in general by stimulating the salivary glands and the flow of gastric juices.

Remember, the dozens of thrifty cuts are just as digestible as the more popular ones. Your meat-man will tell you about these economical, nutritious and delicious meats.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.
Council on Foods

VOX

YOUTH OFFERS AMERICAN CREDO

ARDMORE, PA.—I am sixteen years old, a native-born American of English descent, and when I read what another American wrote to President Roosevelt concerning why he was glad to live in America, I decided that young America's views also should be expressed.

Here is why I am glad that I am an American:

Because Youth in America is not presented with a ready-made set of ideals and values.

Because we are not told to believe certain things and live by certain laws not made with the people's consent but laid down by dictators who wish to keep us under their thumb.

Because we think, act, write, read, say, and do what and as we please so long as we honor the judgment of our parents and do not behave insolently.

Because in our schools teaching is not influenced by the government to limit what subjects we may study. We are not prevented from learning what goes on in the world because the government fears lest we become rebellious or dissatisfied with our nation.

Because every talent in us is encouraged. We are not regimented as one individual in junior armies and drilled in warfare.

Because we have God to believe in, to look to for comfort, and to have faith in.

Because we still have family life, the base and core on which a democracy is founded.

Because we look forward to the future with hope, not despair.

I'm glad I am an American because of countless things that can't be put into words.—*Mary Lou Powell.*

WHY GAS SHORTAGE?

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—I am asking Harold Ickes to enlighten the poor dumb public as to why, with plenty of gas in the Gulf States and 19,000 idle tank cars to transport it, there should be a shortage in the Eastern States.—*D. H.*

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POP

YOO-HOO FOR OUR COVER

PANORAMA, FORT ORD, CALIF.—Please give me Liberty any time when epitomized by such loveliness as that on its June 7 cover. —*Pvt. Harry Nalbandian.*

PASADENA, CALIF. — No wife of more than a month's duration would allow her blacksmith husband to roll up his sleeves as the old fellow has that is making a sword. (July 12 Liberty cover.) A sleeve rolled up with the roll on the outside makes a lodging place for flying red-hot scales. —*Sidney L. Jackson.*

LIBERTY COMER COMES THROUGH

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In 1937, when Liberty ran an article entitled Liberty Presents Comers, you published a picture of me and prophesied that I would be a national swimming champion. I am now senior national 300-yard individual medley champion, 200-yard Canadian national breast-stroke champion, and South American free-style champion. I have just established four new national breast-stroke records at 200 meters, 220 yards, 300 yards, and 400 meters.

I am sixteen years old and am a sophomore at New York University. I have had a scholarship for my academic record ever since high school. I have majored in music and have had an A record all the way through. I am minoring in college in painting. Besides swimming, I have studied all types of dancing for seven years. I ride and do photographic work also. — *Helene Rains.*

Good work, Helene. We always knew you had what it takes.—VOX POP ED.

JUSTICE FOR MAN IN OVERALLS

PASADENA, CALIF.—There recently appeared in a Los Angeles civil court a

LUCKY "33 to 1"
It cinched my deal with
Hard-boiled Harrison
YOUNG MAN, YOU COULDN'T GET ME TO BUILD A HAMBURGER STAND HERE, LET ALONE A 12-APARTMENT BUILDING!
WHEW! THIS HEAT'S TERRIFIC, MR. HARRISON. IT'S "33 TO 1" WE COULD BOTH USE A COOL GLASS OF PABST BLUE RIBBON HOW ABOUT IT?
I'M WITH YOU ON THE BLUE RIBBON, JOHNSON. BUT WHAT'S THIS "33 TO 1"-A BET?
YES SIR—OUR BEST BET FOR REFRESHMENT. 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER.
BLENDED EH? WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT IT CERTAINLY IS GREAT!
YES--YOU SEE BLUE RIBBON IS BLENDED LIKE FINE COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE -THAT'S WHY IT'S ALWAYS SMOOTHER AND MORE DELICIOUS.
WELL, YOUNG MAN, THAT CERTAINLY HIT THE SPOT. NOW-HOW ABOUT ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT CONTRACT OF YOURS?
CERTAINLY, MR. HARRISON. I'M SURE WE CAN AGREE ON THE TERMS.
LUCKY "33 TO 1"--IT'S SURE HELPED TO HUMANIZE THE OLD WALRUS!
"33 TO 1" WILL BE YOUR LUCKY NUMBER IN REFRESHMENT, TOO. JUST WAIT TILL YOU TASTE HOW DELICIOUS A BEER CAN BE WHEN IT'S THIS BLEND OF 33 FINE BREWS. IT'S A BLUE RIBBON TREAT YOU'RE BOUND TO ENJOY. TRY A COOL, FOAMING GLASS TODAY... AND PROVE IT!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst BLUE RIBBON
Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.
Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!
. . . IT'S SMOOTHER . . . IT'S TASTIER . . . IT NEVER VARIES

You'll like yeast this new way

JOEY: Your act is going over big. Been eating yeast again?
JILL: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice. What a vitamin cocktail!

JOEY: Say, that's an idea! Didn't I read that YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX?
JILL: You sure did. Authorities agree that yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of this wonder-working vitamin group. And if you aren't getting enough of these precious vitamins, try my vitamin cocktail. It's delicious!

JOEY: Good hunch. I used to eat yeast, and I felt like a million! But I never learned to like it.
JILL: Well, you'll like it now. Tastes like oven-fresh bread, in tomato juice. Twice a day, keep it up, and maybe you'll be louder and funnier than ever! The quicker you start, and the closer you stick with it, the better chance you have. Buy a week's supply. Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Get going!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

FLEISCHMANN'S *FRESH* YEAST

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST . . . the household favorite of four generations.

master mechanic dressed in blue shirt and blue denim overalls.

Thousands like him are working day and night building a bulwark against Hitlerism, that American tolerance and justice may survive. Yet the judge refused to hear his case because his attire "flouted the dignity of the court."—*William Lawson.*

SPORTS INFLUENCE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Boys and young men have as much admiration for our outstanding sports figures as they have contempt for the glamour-boy types. For that reason your choice of Jack Dempsey as sports editor was a wise one.—*R. F. Nelson.*

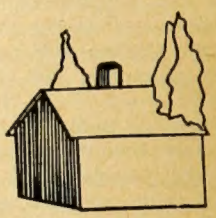
FAITH BALDWIN'S STORY

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—I was most interested to read Faith Baldwin's article, Still Is the Night, in July 12 Liberty. It brought back to me those days as a prisoner of war on a German raider. I was the fourth officer on the ill-fated Rangitane when she went down last November.

From the tenor of the story, the author seems to have made contact with one of the escorts. Will Miss Baldwin be so kind as to tell me who the person was and where she met him? I have been trying to think it out, but up to now I cannot find the right person.—*Robert G. Taylor.*

FIRE! FIRE!

Fire or no fire, I'm going back to that house and get my Liberty for the short short.
—*Anonymous.*



MITCHELL TRIBUTE

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I have just read Fulton Oursler's splendid article about my brother, Billy Mitchell, and I wish to express my thanks for the beautiful tribute to him. (June 28 Liberty editorial.)

If he were only here to encourage, inspire, and with his great fund of knowledge help in our present need!—*Harriet Mitchell Fladoes.*

HARTFORD, CONN.—Congratulations on your editorial To Hell with Communism! (July 26 Liberty.) Communism was hatched in hell and sooner or later it will return to roost there.—*Mary A. McCarthy.*

A WORD FOR THEM

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Every American now fully realizes that strikes in our vital

defense industries are not only a threat to our national existence, but also that these strikes are fomented by Communistic agitators whose sole motive is to wreck this country, using the workers as dupes.

In the present emergency the word "picket" is of real significance. It is generally defined as "to fence or fortify with pickets or *pointed* stakes," and in the labor field "to beset with watchers to persuade workers to refrain from accepting employment during a strike."

The so-called defense industry pickets use no persuasion. It is a physical impossibility for honest and loyal workers to pass their lines. Such pickets constitute a dagger *pointed* at the heart of American democracy. Why dignify them by calling them pickets? They really are *Communets*, and deserve no sympathy whatever from the great masses of people.—*G. D. Bradford.*

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ LADY BE GOOD

The first of the big fall musicals—and a long, extravagant, rambling, sometimes exciting and sometimes dull version of the George and Ira Gershwin stage hit of seventeen years ago, the Broadway smash that made stars of Fred and Adele Astaire.

Your Beverly Hills has forgotten the original plot, but now the screen revue revolves around a penniless young melody writer and the girl who waits on him in a cheap restaurant. She turns out to possess a gift at neat lyrics, his tunes are catchy, they wed, hit blazing success, his head gets turned—and they're divorced. But neither can do without the other. They rewed, dent success out of shape again—and in no time are back in the divorce courts.

Robert Young is adequate enough as the tunesmith, but Ann Sothern steals the picture as the ex-waitress who can rhyme love with dove to the lad's tinkling melodies. Incidentally, her singing of The Last Time I Saw Paris, the sentimental reverie of the once gay boulevards, is a gem.

Eleanor Powell doesn't photograph well as Ann's dancing girl friend and she can't act, but when she finally dances—she's magic. Lionel Barrymore makes his bit of the kindly divorce judge stand out. Red Skelton does a lot with the role of a screwball

(*Continued on page 51*)

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

CRITCHFIELD TROPHY. The National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, have for years been among the country's most highly competitive sporting events. Typical of the honors awarded is the Critchfield Trophy (right), emblematic of the National Small Bore Championship. To win this award, an entrant must run up the highest aggregate score in eight hard-fought matches. You have to be better than good to win the Critchfield—only a master rifleman stands a chance!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

"My business is not as usual"

My BUSINESS is not as usual—not by a long sight.

I don't usually have 600 or more new Army and Navy and defense plants to equip completely and quickly.

And I don't usually have the rush of business that comes when every one else is working on defense.

When a country starts to hurry, about the first thing it calls for is more telephones.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to make a tank or an airplane or a cargo ship.

When a country goes all out to produce, it uses plenty of telephone service. We are all out for defense too—doing our best to keep ahead of the job.

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY. (N.B.C. RED NETWORK, 8 P.M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME.)

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

AUGUST 30, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 35

WARNING TO TAXGATHERERS

☆ BY the time this issue of Liberty is in your hands our new tax bill will probably already be the law.

It will impose a staggering load on every American pocketbook, and, from the looks of things, will have been rushed through the Congress with most undemocratic speed.

Why the great rush?

Remember, this was a tax bill for $3,529,000,000! Yet it was the wish of some leaders that there be no long debate! Stampede the House. Steam-roller the Senate. Jam it through both Houses and ram it right down the throats of a willing people—who, patriots that they are, nevertheless find a lot to gag on these days in the behavior of their so-called statesmen.

This country is already unified. On the principle of the strongest kind of national defense we are all standing together. But this same unified country stands aghast at the political antics of Congress in the very midst of what is declared to be our hour of peril.

The Congress is wasting the money of the taxpayers. The Congress refuses to reform its own squandering habits. And by so refusing, members of Congress are demoralizing the respect of the American people for their leadership.

When the new taxes fall on those of modest income—and they will fall there harder than anywhere else—then let us hope that Congress will begin to hear from back home. Then the voters of this country will ask the questions that should have been debated in full before this tax bill was passed.

For instance: At the start of our national defense program, President Roosevelt declared solemnly that the government would be able to economize in other directions.

When the Secretary of the Treasury asked for new taxes, he recommended that Congress reduce non-defense expenditures for next year by at least a billion dollars.

Well, what was done about that?

Nothing, some skeptic replies. But the skeptic is wrong. Something *was* done about it.

No reductions, mind you, as the President promised. No billion saved, as the Secretary requested. Nothing so decent and patriotic! No. What this callous and unresponsive Congress did in the face of our defense program was to *increase* the expenses for non-defense activities more than eighty million dollars.

Eighty million dollars! Not less—more! And it's our money they are spending!

Now comes the tax bill. They plan to jam it through, cut off debate; and you and you and you will have to dig down and pay.

All good Americans want to pay for defense! But we will not go on paying for the vicious pork-barrel tricks of the politicians. They may curtail debate in Washington, but Liberty gives this warning to the taxgatherers:

The tax debate is not over. It will go on at dinner tables in American homes where helpings will be a little smaller for everybody because of your extravagance. It will go on this winter in houses where the rooms will not be so warm and the clothing not so ample because of your squandering and your skulduggery. It will go on wherever American men and women face each other after paying the bills you ran up for them. The debate will go on and on until the next election, which is not far away. Then you taxgatherers will read the judgment on ballots that shall drive you out of office, we fervently hope, and send to Washington men who will begin to economize in government as we citizens must do in our private lives.

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READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

What is a Good Neighbor?

☆ MEXICO knows perfectly well that its national destiny is associated with the principles of equality and justice which represent the cause of democracy.

As a result, my government dedicates its continued efforts to making secure within the Mexican Republic the constitutional forms of its existence, favoring more and more every day the balance of governmental powers, and imparting to all the Administration's branches the capacity of the Executive for the service of the authentic will of the people.

What is democracy? Well, certainly it is not merely a method of government, an organic institutional form. It is, most of all, a special and generous and abundant manner of understanding the existence of the human being, and it implies, in a final analysis, a true philosophy of social coexistence.

Therefore, in the face of threats of dictatorial ideologies which visibly assume totalitarian proportions in the stifled states that sustain them, the people of the United States and the people of Mexico who are anxious to preserve and strengthen the democratic architecture of their way of life should understand that the protection of their ideals will be unavailing unless it includes a full measure of total defense: (*a*) Military defense, arranged by means of friendly collaboration between all the nations of this continent; (*b*) Material defense, thanks entirely to a coherent strengthening of commercial, economic, and financial relations; (*c*) At the same time, a vigorous spiritual defense through sincere co-operation of North American cultural systems, through artistic, scientific, and moral bonds, with unity of action against propaganda that would be capable of slyly introducing disintegrating elements into the structure of our institutions and into the honest opinions of our peoples.

There has been much talk in the United States of Fascist and Communist fifth columnists invading the New World by way of Mexico. "How," you may ask, "is Mexico safeguarding itself against such activities?"

Well, in the first place, it cannot be said that a true Communist Party exists in the Republic of Mexico. Those who are Red-minded and Communistically inclined are isolated, and their radical beliefs have not taken deep root. Communist activity here consists only of a scattered and ineffectual propaganda—a flighty propaganda which has not found in public opinion any echoes other than weak and evasive ones.

As regards the activities of a Nazi-Fascist fifth column, the best defense against such fifth columnists is to be found in the deep-rooted democratic sense of the Mexican people, and in their natural repugnance against adopting measures capable of checking or deforming the nation's progress, which, to be effective, must be achieved within the borders of peace and of liberty.

Totalitarian doctrines most openly contradict the traditions of Mexico, and my government, based upon the powers granted by the law for the protection of the existence of its institutions, will not permit propaganda contrary to the democratic spirit that inspired the political Constitution of the country.

Why is it necessary today for Mexico and the United States to be good friends? The reasons are so many and so convincing that it would be simpler to affirm that there exists not a single motive against the two countries' maintaining the most cordial political, commercial, financial, and cultural relations. I feel that neighborliness should be the source of economic and social accord in the broadest sense of the word. The United States is now not only Mexico's best customer but also Mexico's most abundant provider. Another bond of friendship has been capital which United States business has contributed to accelerate the proc-

ess of industrialization in Mexico; this is a bond of friendship so long as the investors work in accord with our laws and do not expect to obtain a preferential treatment that would be unjust by all concepts. Also, travel between Mexico and the United States increases every day as a consequence of our geographical proximity and because of the growth of our means of communication.

Thousands of Mexicans residing in the United States contribute their work to the prosperity of vast regions of the Union; and, on the other hand, a large American colony residing in Mexico has been working to mutual

By General AVILA CAMACHO

President of the Republic of Mexico

as told to IRVING WALLACE

tinel to the South! . . Liberty presents heartening urance that democracy's on guard across the border

advantage in many and varied activities.

Politically, Mexico and the United States have parallel systems of government. Their institutions are founded on like principles of independence and democratic solidarity. And certainly, in the international field, our government of Mexico, like that of the United States, has joined in condemning, openly and firmly, the violation of treaties and pledges and the abuse of force; and this has served to bring our two nations together on a foundation of justice, in mutual respect and in honor.

Finally, as to Pan-Americanism, our two republics are again agreed. Among the states of this continent, Mexico, in effect, not only is the geographical bond of union between the two Americas but constitutes the touchstone, the living example of the possibility of a real and sincere collaboration between the United States and the Latin republics of the Western Hemisphere.

Thus, as can be plainly seen, our two nations, with so much in common, have good reason for being Good Neighbors. There can be no question as to our sincerity. And Mexico, I repeat, *is* a Good Neighbor. It is enough to read our history dispassionately to understand clearly that we in Mexico never have been an element of discord in the great family of the nations of the New World.

In the past, it is a matter of record that Mexico was one of the nations which ratified a great number of Pan-American conventions. Today Mexico is on the Comité Permanente de Neutralidad de Rio Janeiro and on the Comité Consultivo Económico Financiero Interamericano—and these are not merely formal collaborations; our authorities have approved and have pushed with vigor all of the international texts put forth by these organizations.

As to relations between Mexico and the United States, we on our side have demonstrated time and again our sincere desire to co-operate politically as well as economically and commercially. Only recently our government declared that, in the present state of things, the destiny of any one of the American nations cannot indefinitely be alien to that of the others. You may disagree. "Geography, history, and logic," you may say, "constitute for us a democratic union which dictatorial forces are going to desperately try to split up, in order to achieve a totalitarian triumph that would imply, within limits, the disappearance of the pillars on which is founded our existence as free and decent and responsible communities." But clarity in our thinking and sincerity in our pledges will defy anything.

A good proof of the clarity with which we in Mexico focus our international politics has been furnished by our action on April 1, when we subscribed with the United States to an agreement to facilitate the passage of military aircraft both ways. And we feel certain that this agreement, developed by us for the defense of our continent, consequent to the resolutions adopted by the Board of Chancellors at Havana in 1940, will be most useful to the hemisphere, and can be acted upon with a strict regard for the democratic spirit of our countries and for their absolute liberty of self-determination.

We in Mexico hold in highest esteem the social program followed by the administration of President Roosevelt, in his purpose to better the condition of the great masses of the American people, inasmuch as, according to his own statement made during his attendance at the Buenos Aires Inter-American Conference, "the lack of social or political justice within the boundaries of any nation is always grounds for anxiety."

Mexico appreciates the timely and the wise manner in which the government of President Roosevelt is developing the policy of the Good Neighbor. And we observe with neighborly sympathy that the international attitude of the United States coincides with ours in a sincere regard for peace and in a constant disapproval of violations of international law; just as both peoples had exact vision in foreseeing that the development of the totalitarian regimes would, of necessity, unleash a war of incalculable proportions.

The people of Mexico have full confidence in the stand President Roosevelt has taken with regard to the Latin-American countries, as indicating a definite course for fruitful friendship and frank and loyal collaboration between the two great human groups that inhabit our hemisphere.

THE END

READING TIME • 34 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Ma's Gone West

A distinguished delver into America's past gives you a gallant tale of pioneer peril and the shining courage of a child

BY MACKINLAY KANT

Author of Long Remember, The Voice of Bugle Ann

☆ AT midnight Mr. Dale reached the Beck house. Josephine Beck was up the moment she heard his team stop outside; her daughter Pury was awakened in the bedroom.

Mr. Dale talked to Josephine Beck through the bolted door, and then she wasn't afraid to wrap herself in a crazy quilt and let him in. He was one of her husband's friends but too lame for any soldiering. A freight wagon had smashed his foot the first year he came into the Iowa country.

"Josephine," he said, when he stood close to the hearth and its comforting crust of red—"Josephine, it's Gerry."

Jo Beck mashed the folds of comforter in her small, hard hands. "Mr. Dale," she whispered.

"Now, don't you worry, little lady. He ain't killed: just got wounded a mite. The letter come in on the stage tonight and I opened it, as I have all the others—according to instructions Gerry Beck give me afore he left to soldier in Nebrasky Territory. He said that he didn't want you and the little folks to get the bad news all by yourselves, in case he got killed."

Mr. Dale held his shabby coat skirts over the pink logs in the fireplace. He smiled at Josephine.

"You're a brave woman, to stand there and not ask me more. Well, here's the letter, wrote by his colonel, though it is over three weeks old." He drew it from his pocket. "Nebrasky mail is often delayed, naturally. Want I should read it to you?"

Josephine nodded. Her eldest child, Puritan, crept out of the bedroom.

Pury was not yet thirteen years old, with straw-colored hair and a body as straight and thin as a blue-stem reed. She wrapped her comforter a little tighter; she stood beside her mother's chair as Mr. Dale's husky voice sounded in the firelight.

At last he handed the letter to Josephine.

"You see, ma'am, just like the colonel says, it's probably nothing to worry about. An arrow, with the point penetrating the scapula, whatever that might be."

"Scapula," said Pury. "That's the shoulder blade."

Mr. Dale chuckled. "I can see you've learnt your lessons well, Sissy."

"I learnt it in a book of human anatomy," explained Pury. She felt stronger than she had felt when, on awakening, she shivered in bed beside Delly and Ame.

Mr. Dale said bluntly, "Josephine, you can't do it; what the colonel says there in the letter."

"I've got to go," said Jo.

"But how you going to do it? You can't leave eight children."

"Yes, I can," said Mrs. Beck. "I'm going out to Fort Elder, as requested. He might die if I didn't. The colonel wouldn't have written for me to come if I weren't needed to keep Gerry from dying. I know what those Nebrasky forts are like: Gerry's told me in his letters plenty of times. There isn't much water, and clean clothes and bed linen and invalid fixings come mighty dear. I guess the vittles are none too succulent, and there must be camp fever lingering in every corner—as bad as the Indians, or worse! Well, my young uns eat hearty and they don't fall sick very often, and they know enough to keep out of the river and to run like rabbits if they see a gypsy wagon. No, I'm going to Nebrasky, because I want their pa to come back to them."

She turned to her daughter and asked, "Pury. You ain't afraid, are you?"

"No, ma." Pury blinked rapidly. "But, ma—your sore tooth . . ."

Mr. Dale exploded: "Now, then! I thought your face looked kind of pushed out on one side, Jo, when I come in. Do you mean to say you've got a toothache?"

"It aches a mite, Mr. Dale."

"That tooth has been giving ma fits for three whole days!" cried Pury.

"Don't you worry about my tooth. It's got a big hole in it and ain't much good to me anyways. I'll 'tend to that." Josephine Beck arose. She looked like a stern little squaw, wound in her quilt, with her hair in its braid. "Mr. Dale, what time does the stage leave Boonesboro for Council Bluffs?"

The man sighed. "The Western stage has got a wagon out at six in the morning; there won't be another until Friday. That's the reason I drove here with such haste. I figured you should be told at once. And—if it was possible— But how can you leave eight young uns, and you with a swollen-up jaw?"

Jo Beck moved toward the big cherry-wood dresser.

"Mr. Dale, I reckon my husband didn't want to leave his folks when he went to serve in the cavalry, but he figured somebody had to help hold off the Indians—with so many of our men needed against the rebels down South, and all. I reckon I can leave Pury and Gerry, Adela, Amy, Timothy, Margaret, Phoebe, and Ellsworth with a bold heart. I reckon I've got to."

Mr. Dale tugged at his beard. "Ma'am, you live in a right neighborly community. I doubt not that some of the Wallaces or Cushmans or Tyndales or Stillings could come and look after this little family whilst you were out in the Territory."

Jo shook her head. "'Twould be nice, but circumstances are against it. Sarah Wallace is badly overworked this spring, with Grandma Wallace only two weeks in her grave—and Grandpa Wallace, I'll warrant you, less than two weeks away from his. Nancy Cushman has a new baby, and she's still suffering painfully from milk fever. Every man from the Tyndale place, down to the fifteen-year-old, is gone to the army; the womenfolks have quite enough of their own chores to do without 'tending to mine. As for those Stillings, they're dirty as pigs, and I wouldn't have one of them in my house while I was gone."

She clamped her jaws together; the shock of pain disturbed her features.

"Ma'am, I'll go outside for a spell while you—"

"While I make my toilet?" asked Josephine Beck. "Not yet! I need your help for a moment, and Pury's too. My tooth's got an ulcer in it and I'm going to slay it, same as I would a snake."

She said, "Pury Beck, you light the oil lamp. Mr. Dale, please to fetch that looking glass from off the clock shelf."

They obeyed her and she returned from searching a dresser drawer, bearing a bright steel knitting needle. She sat on the edge of a splint-bottomed chair and directed the man: "Hold the glass a little to one side, if you'll be so kind. No . . . t'other way a little. . . . Pury, hand me that rag."

ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUCKER

'She'd have blowed his head off if he'd started any of his tricks . . .'

Josephine wound the end of the knitting needle firmly in a bit of rag and lowered the opposite end into the lamp chimney. A wisp of smoke went up; the thin steel blackened, then turned red as a strawberry, then paler and whiter.

Josephine Beck withdrew the needle. "Lift the lamp, Pury. Don't let your hand shake, child. . . . Mr. Dale, please tilt the glass. . . ."

She opened her mouth wide, and with the finger of her left hand, turned her lip out and down. The throbbing tooth was exposed in the lamplit reflection. . . . She made a sound, and Pury lowered the lamp chimney until the needle could seek it once more and could quickly glow again.

Pury turned her face away; the room swam before her eyes.

There was one noise made by the flaming shaft, burning deep into the place where Jo's iron fingers had sent it. Then the knitting needle rattled on the puncheon floor.

Mr. David Dale, a church elder, swore the first round oath he had uttered since his team ran away with him in November.

"It's all right," Josephine murmured.

She lifted her pale face and blinked moisture from her eyes. "Now that tooth won't interfere with me packing my duds. Mr. Dale, you step outside, please, for the moment. . . . Pury, put on a gown. Move soft, so's not to wake the children. I'll have to hasten if I'm to be in Boonesboro and aboard the stage by six o'clock."

☆ A BRIGHT star was rising in the east as the hollow rumble of Mr. Dale's wagon absorbed itself in distances beyond. Pury didn't know the star's name; she called it the morning star, and the colors of dawn would follow it soon. Pury shot the double bolts on the door.

She could have lain down to rest on pa's and ma's (that was how the Beck children spoke of their parents' big bed with its spool-tooled headboard and footboard and its blue-and-brown quilt). It filled a corner of the living - room - dining - room - kitchen which in former days had constituted the whole house.

Yes, she could have rested there until Chunk, Delly, Ame, Tim, Peggy, Feeb, and Bub were astir, but she would not lie down on pa's and ma's. That was a grown person's bed, to be disturbed only by its owners, or by Grandpa and Grandma Brodie on those rare occasions when they drove up from Poweshiek County, or by visiting strangers who were happy to rest amid such honor.

Pury crept into her own bed beside Ame and Delly. Carefully she pulled off her dress and petticoats and slid beneath the covers next to the soft thin body of Delly.

Peggy and Feeb slept in a trundle-bed pulled out from the foot of the larger bed in which Chunk and Tim sprawled or cuddled or fought, according to their mood of the moment—and Peggy and Feeb were the first to awaken. Then Bub started making strange animal sounds in the old toolbox where he slept. Delly and Ame woke up next, and they twittered until they had roused the others. Chunk was the last to bestir himself.

There they were: the pink little faces, the tousled hair, the large gray eyes, all looking at Pury and demanding to know where their mother was and why she hadn't come to hustle them to the washbench as she usually did.

☆ PURY was the eldest, and couldn't allow herself the luxury of tears. Not when confronted by a ten-year-old face, a nine-year-old, an eight-, a seven-, a four-, a three- and, above all, by the round face and curly white head of Bub, not yet two.

"Ma's gone West," she told them, and recited the details of the colonel's letter, about the arrow which a Cheyenne Indian had put into pa's shoulder and it came just that close to killing him, only pa killed the Indian instead.

"It's the law," said Pury. "Pa's an officer. That's almost as good as a captain or general, and the law says a kinswoman can come to nurse him. If he was just a private, like Todd Tyndale, ma couldn't even get near him. I guess that means something—to have your pa be the only officer in the neighborhood!"

Delly began to whimper. "He ain't in the neighborhood. He's away out in Nebrasky, and ma's gone too."

"'Isn't,' not 'ain't,'" said Pury austerely. "Ma said none of you was to cry. Now, all you children get right up out of the covers and get yourselves clean and decent while I start breakfast. Delly and Ame, you wash your faces quick in the basin, and then you wash Peggy and Feeb and Bub. Timmy and Chunk, you get the sleep out of your eyes; Timmy, you go help Chunk with the milking. No, bring in some wood first; we're all out. I'll build up the fire."

Ten minutes later Feeb was screaming that Delly had rubbed soap into her mouth. Bub was standing aloft and flinging himself rapturously among the feather beds stacked beneath the everyday comforter on pa's and ma's. Pury had set the fireplace flames to licking once more.

There was plenty of mush in the pot. It needed only to be warmed, although the children screamed for corn dodger.

"Dodger takes too long to bake," Pury ruled. "But I promise you dodger for tonight; we'll have fried pork too. And if nobody cries too much today or gets in a fight—a real bad fight, I mean—I'll open up some stewed crab apple for you to have along with your sorghum. Delly and Ame, you lay the table soon as you've dried the young uns and got their duds on them."

Chunk came in with his two pails of milk to report that Starlight and Amanda were in the best of health and spirits. The three pigs were flourishing; the morning crop of hen eggs was abundant.

Pury had a small kettle of water

"Lift the lamp, Pury . . . Mr. Dale, please tilt the glass."

boiling; into the bubbling kettle she dropped eight eggs. She ladled out yellow corn-meal mush. The pot of barley coffee was steaming, the sorghum was on the table.

They sat down. Pury seated herself last of all and took Bub upon her knee. She looked around the cluttered room. Sun came through the southeast window and made the little silver cream pitcher on the milk chest explode with spangles of light. All the Becks were proud of that creamer which, with the dozen spoons Josephine Beck had inherited, constituted the only silver in the house. The silver creamer had been brought from England long before. One must remember that with pride; but one should not turn up her nose too high merely because she lived in a house with board siding.

Mush was steaming, the milk was strained and ready in its big earthen pitcher. The little Becks clutched their spoons and waited. They waited because Pury's glance was upon them. Slowly they bowed their heads.

"Our Father Who art in heaven," said Pury, "we ask You to take care of us. Take care of ma and pa, too, and see that there aren't any Indians betwixt here and Fort Elder."

Her voice became unsteady but she strengthened it quickly.

"See that Tim and Chunk don't get in any more fights like on Monday, and that Timmy doesn't try to hit Chunk with the hatchet again. We thank Thee for this food Thou hast prepared for us, and make us be Thy humble servants evermore."

For the moment she almost felt Him in the room; she dared not look at the glimmering creamer when she lifted her eyes for fear a more radiant Presence might be there in its stead. She would need guidance, if only to keep her from dreaming about the pink calico dress which ma had been about to buy and cut out for her, and which now seemed so unattainable. She would need to be clothed in courage instead of pink calico.

☆ PURY had a battle with Chunk over the school question. Chunk didn't want to go to school. He said that if Pury didn't have to go, he didn't have to go; that a girl couldn't keep house by herself without a man on the premises; that some dire calamity might befall if he were not on guard.

To all of which his sister turned a deaf ear. "My word is law!" she cried. "Ma said it was, before she went West. I've got to be here and keep an eye on the place and look after the small fry, but what would pa say if he came home and found you had missed maybe half a term of school? You just take your McGuffey and your geography and go with the rest!"

They went, Tim trotting ahead with his bow and arrow, Delly and Ame dutifully carrying the big tin lunch pail between them; and Chunk grimly kicking sticks and winter-soaked leaves in the rear. Pury smiled as she saw the sun glint upon the lunch pail as it had glinted on the silver creamer. It was a generous lunch which she had prepared for her brothers and sisters: she had filled the pail with huge chunks of cold johnnycake and had soaked the cake with skim milk. At noontime four Becks would gather round the pail and sail in with their tin spoons. Securely twisted in the store paper, too, were four small portions of brown sugar for dessert.

Until midafternoon Pury would have only Peggy, Feeb, and Bub on her hands, and now she sought to make them happy. They could play store, she said, on pa's and ma's, where they would be out of the way. She provided them with yarn balls, tin plates, gourd dippers for their stock in trade. She found a bag of pink-and-purple clam shells from the river, with which the children often played. The clam shells were money, she explained. . . .

☆ FEEB and Peggy brought their dolls to the store and, later, when squabbling developed over a division of property, Pury separated the combatants and installed Bub in a store of his own among the pillows.

Pury washed the dishes, put away the leavings of food, and swept the floor. Then, warning the children away from the fire, she put on her shawl and went out to the log stables. All was well with cows, pigs, chickens, and the old gray horse.

She drew out the bars which imprisoned the horse in his stable; she called the horse by his name, which was Doctor, and let him walk in the pasture. There wasn't much grass yet, though the south slopes showed a tinge of green.

Summoned to the house by screams, she found Feeb weeping copiously and Peggy, who was the malefactor in this case, retreated far under the bed. She comforted Feeb, dragged out the sinner by her gray-stockinged legs, and shut her in the bedroom. She put warm clothing on the two youngest and told them that they might help her light a washing fire in the yard.

The hickory tripod stood ready. Straining with all her might, Pury dragged a black iron kettle from beside the steps and hung it in place. Then she prepared kindling, and Bub and Phoebe were allowed to carry skillets of embers from the inside fireplace to kindle the flames out of doors.

When the water in the iron kettle began to steam, Pury went to release the recreant Peggy from captivity. She opened the bedroom door and was greeted by a stench of cologne. It was ma's cologne bottle, her only one; perhaps ma had meant to take it in her satchel but had left it standing on the bureau's edge.

Now it was Peggy who wept. She said that the cologne bottle fell off by itself and spilled. She had anointed her hands with the scent too, in trying to rescue what remained, and she feared that the cologne was poison.

"It's all right," sighed Puritan. "Ma doesn't need cologne where she's going, out there with Indians and soldiers and prairie dogs. When she gets home safe, with pa and all, she'll be so glad, that she won't even care you spilt it."

Indeed, it was task enough merely to keep the small fry out of mischief and away from harm, and Puritan began to regret her ambition in planning to pursue the routine which she recalled that her mother had planned for this day. This was not the weekly washday; that came on Saturday, when all hands could help; but there were five dirty quilts needing attention.

"Just smell how nice the air is," said Pury in the yard. "It's almost like summer, and I'll warrant you don't need your mittens any longer. If you're good children, I'll let you go barefoot and help tromp the quilts."

Puritan prepared two broad wooden tubs. She half filled them with hot water from the kettle and a generous quantity of soft soap. When the quilts were soaked she cooled the mixture with water from the well. Pinning up the skirts of Peggy and Feeb, she let them dance in one tub with warm suds soaking about their legs. She removed her own shoes and joined Bub in an attack upon the other quilt.

Bub enjoyed this tromping, but he was more bother than he was worth, staggering about with his dress pinned around his waist. Pury tripped over him a dozen times. At length he lifted soapy hands to rub his eye; his screech rent the air. Pury had to stagger into the house with him and wash the inflamed eye with fresh warm water until he had cried the soap out of it. She put Bub upon the big bed and felt a little guilty about giving him a handful of sugar. But that soap must have hurt his eye something terrible.

☆ BACK in the yard, she found that the two little girls had deserted their task and were chasing baby chickens about the place. Chickens which, as they said, they wanted to "love." They had already loved one violently; it lay limp within the squeeze of little Feeb's hand.

"It's dead," reported Puritan sadly, and two pairs of round gray eyes stared up at her and two mouths began to pout and tremble. "Now, now," she said hastily, "don't start fretting again. You didn't mean to do it. If you'll go and play quiet inside, and not go nigh the hearth, I'll let you have a nice funeral for the baby chicken later on."

Cheered by this prospect, Peggy and Feeb vanished. They played house and watched over the convalescent Bub with diligence until noon. By that time Pury had hung her fifth quilt upon the palings of the fence. She felt exhausted; her bare feet were aching, the skin puckered and twisted by the strong soft soap. She emptied the last dirty water from the tubs, rinsed them, scattered the fire, and went inside to prepare dinner.

That afternoon she tried to think of what her mother would have done if her mother were still at home. Puritan contemplated a thousand necessities, a thousand cumbersome tasks: she felt weary and helpless in the path of these thundering needs. Yet, after she

(*Continued on page 46*)

How I was Captured in the Battle

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

By radio, Ankara, Turkey, to NBC, New York.

☆ IT was nearly quarter to two and the zero hour was not far off. Another fifteen minutes, and we would roll in force across the River Jordan from Palestine into Syria. Ever since darkness had fallen, some hours before, British troops, guns, and munitions had been moving forward, as silently as a modern army can on its mechanized equipment, toward the bridge which marked the frontier. And now a full moon rising high threatened to rob our plan of the all-important element of surprise.

Standing at the bridgehead with a small group of officers, we could see the light burning in the window of a French frontier post half a mile up the winding road. As yet there was no indication that they were aware of our movements. Perhaps we would be met with a curtain of fire as we crossed into Syria, perhaps with no resistance at all.

Seven minutes to go, and a young captain came to report. "All loaded, in position and ready, sir."

The colonel mounted and then for the last time reviewed the plan of operations. He had fought for four years in France in the last war, and among the decorations on his tunic was the Croix de Guerre. The idea of marching against his old ally did not appeal to him any more than it did to any other soldier in the British army. But German infiltration into Syria menaced the flank of the British in the Middle East and had to be dealt with. Vichy was playing the German game.

"Remember, gentlemen, we wish to avoid bloodshed wherever possible. There will be fighting only where we encounter armed resistance."

He glanced around the circle of intense faces. The time was one fifty-nine. "Operations will begin," he said.

A short blast of a subaltern's whistle started the advance party on foot across the bridge and up the hill. Soon we had the answer: three long flashes on a signal lamp. The post was in our hands.

Instantly the night was filled with the roar of motors starting up. Together with Ken Downs of the International News Service, I hopped aboard a truck filled with British Tommies. As we crossed the frontier, we passed a large signboard which read: "89 kilometers to Damascus. The Oriental Palace Hotel, best accommodations in Syria."

"We'd better telegraph ahead for rooms," Ken said, "because it looks like we're going to be the first in."

He was right, too. We were the first in. And there was a room waiting for us—with bars on the window.

From the top of a hill which commanded the plain leading to the garrison town of Kuneitra, we watched the advance mechanized columns penetrate into Syria. As the leading vehicle approached the first antitank barrier, the crackle of heavy machine-gun fire rang out. Soon field artillery went into action. The French were resisting all right, and there was nothing halfhearted about it.

British guns replied with vigor. They silenced the French artillery and then hammered the fortified positions. We could see our tractor-driven Bren-gun carriers mopping up one post after another, followed by the main body of the force.

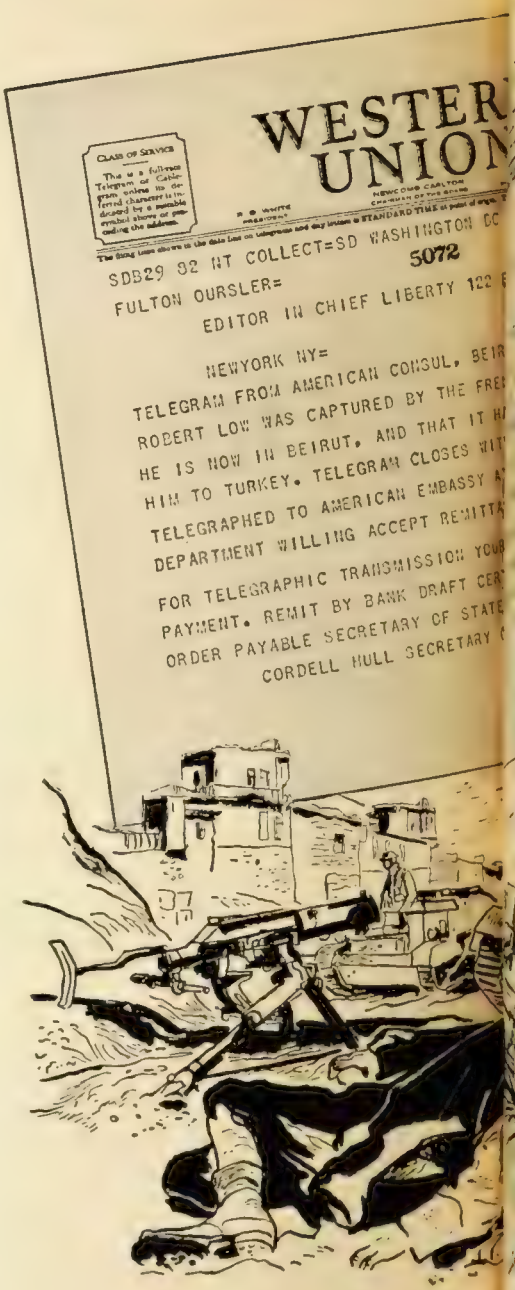
Dawn found the British forces astride the main road outside Kuneitra, concealed in a gum-tree grove. Ahead of them were the main French defenses—barbed-wire entanglements, the deep antitank ditch which had been recently dug, pillboxes, and machine-gun nests. Farther ahead nestled the town. The slightest move in the trees now brought a double hail of cross fire.

Suddenly from our side we saw a British officer and a Free French officer step boldly from the woods and walk down the road toward the town carrying a white flag. There were a few shots, but they kept right on going. The fire gradually ceased as side by side they marched swiftly to the barricade and crawled through.

For five hours we waited in suspense. Finally they emerged and walked back. Their report was one of failure:

"We were taken to headquarters and received by the commandant and his officers. They offered us breakfast and drinks and we sat there, trying to win them over. The majority were ready to join us, but the commandant finally decided against it. And that was that."

Our colonel was bitterly disappointed, but he didn't show it. He snapped out his orders and within an hour our columns started wending their way around the town to encircle it and cut the main road to Damascus.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TELEGRAM FROM AMERICAN CONSUL, BEIR
ROBERT LOW WAS CAPTURED BY THE FRE
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CORDELL HULL SECRETARY

Twice the Bren-gun carriers were turned back by the devastating fire of the French guns. But the third time they broke through, and the French began their retreat from the town. An hour later we were entering it.

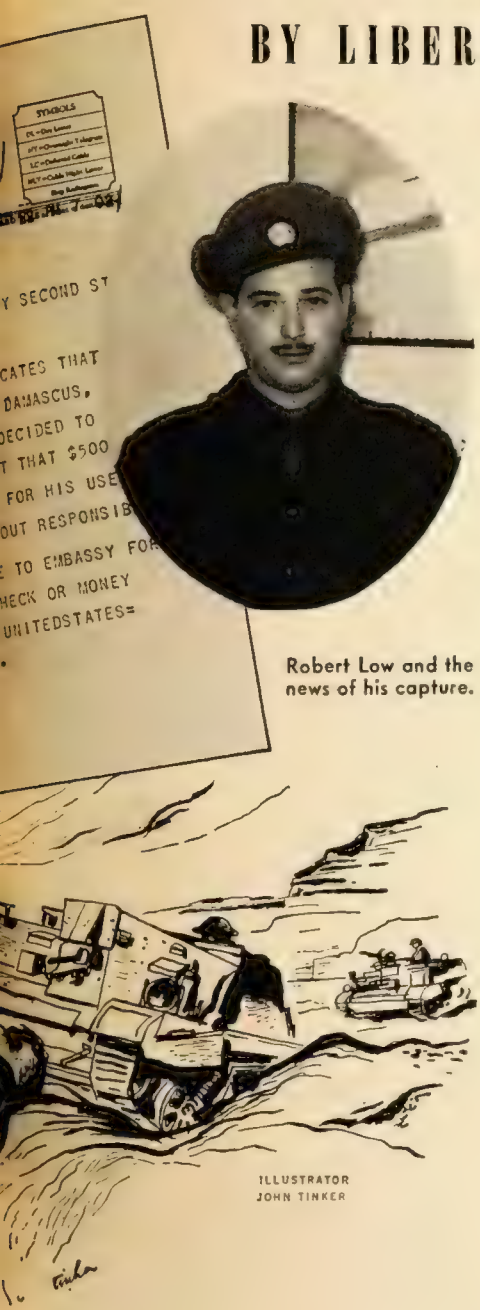
It was a strange sight. The streets were completely deserted. Every shop had its steel shutters down and every

Three times face to face with death! . . . A classic of the war

# of Damascus

BY LIBERTY'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT

Robert Low



Robert Low and the news of his capture.

window was barred. Finally a window down the street opened just enough to allow an inquisitive Arab head to emerge for a quick look. Then a shutter was lifted a few inches, then another and another, until in ten minutes the whole town was wide open for business as usual. What was another war invasion to these people? They had been pushed around by the Biblical warriors, Alexander the Great, the Crusaders, the Mongol hordes under Tamerlane, the Turks, Napoleon, the British, the French, and now the British again.

Late that afternoon, from a window of the French commandant's house which had been turned into the British officers' mess, we could see a burial party at work in a field, digging graves for the men who had been killed in action during the day. As I watched, I remembered how just a year ago I had been in Bordeaux and heard Marshal Pétain make a solemn pledge to the world that "the honor of France would never be tarnished." And I looked at the pile of French illustrated magazines on the table, some of them of that very period, filled with pictures of French poilus and British Tommies fighting side by side; pictures of British pilots who had died in the defense of France. Looking out at that field again, I wondered what the Marshal had been talking about.

The first step on the road to Damascus was taken. But the battle for Kuneitra wasn't over by any means. A few days later, in order to reach a column advancing on another road from Trans-Jordan, Downs and I passed through the town. Dawn was just breaking as we drove up to the British outposts—and an oncoming French force was not more than two miles from them and was spreading out to encircle the town.

"You'll probably be all right," an officer told us. "Most motorcars can get away from a tank or armored car, you know. Anyway, it won't be any unhealthier for you than staying here, because our orders are to hold Kuneitra 'to the last man and the last bullet.'"

His advice was to get moving, and we took it, rolling toward the undulating plains with the accelerator pushed hard against the floor board. Three hours, and we reached Sheik Miskin junction on the main road to Damascus from Trans-Jordan. Indian and Free French troops had pushed through here and beyond two days before. The Free French field hospital had moved up and taken over a part of the Arab village.

Inside the enclosure of the village, in what far too recently had been the stables, was the emergency operating theater. It was Sunday, and in another corner a priest, the khaki of his uniform showing beneath his vestments, was holding Mass before a tiny altar that rested on the back of an open truck. Behind him knelt the congregation—some French officers and a handful of ebony colonial troops from North Africa. In one of the stables a surgeon probed for a tiny lead slug which threatened to snuff out the life of the Legionnaire on the operating table. Under the eerie bluish light of the portable X-ray machine he worked swiftly and skillfully. A young Free French nurse whispered, "He is good, that one. We captured him *chez* Pétain—no matter, he's good."

In the stable adjoining were the new arrivals awaiting their turns, writhing and bloodstained but silent. All were Free French, and much worse to them than their physical wounds was their disillusionment with their own countrymen. One youngster from Paris who had fought in the battle of Flanders and had escaped later from the Germans told me in a whisper:

"Last night we had reason to believe the Vichy French had evacuated Kesweh. So I was sent in with a patrol of ten men to reconnoiter and mop up. We got into the village without any trouble and were coming down the main street when suddenly they opened up on us with machine guns from all directions. Together with three of my men, I climbed the nearest wall and dropped down into a garden. There was enough moon to see, and I spotted four Frenchmen lying beside a machine gun. I shouted, 'Don't shoot! We are Frenchmen!' But their answer was a burst which killed two of my men. There was only one thing to do—use our hand grenades. I could not do it. As I threw mine, I deliberately threw it wide and we crawled through the trees and back over the wall. By hiding in doorways and gutters, we escaped to our line."

He was almost in tears. "Perhaps," he said, "I was wrong in not trying to kill them. But it was a difficult moment. If I had not seen them fire on us, I would not have believed it."

Nor would I. But there it was. Frenchman against Frenchman, ally against ally. That was the set-up on the eve of the battle for Damascus. It showed how your ideas change when the war becomes personal—and when we started up the road to Damascus, it was to become much too personal. But we didn't know that beforehand, and meanwhile Downs, always the news-agency man, estimated we would have a twenty-four-hour scoop on the fall of the city. . . .

☆ THE receiving set in the steel radio truck crackled, spluttered, and finally began to cough out a long series of ciphers. Urgent orders from brigade headquarters. We stood there wondering what all this double talk was going to mean to us when the clerk got through decoding it. Something important, all right.

The armies, we had been advised, were in central Syria, on toward Damascus. It hadn't been easy. The tall, turbaned Sikhs, Punjabis, and Rajputs of the Indian army brigade had engaged the main body of the French colonial army entrenched in heavily fortified positions. Fighting a force superior in numbers and material, the Indians had pushed them back, mile by mile, without respite. And now we were within twelve miles of our objective. Beyond the next series of rolling hills lay the broad valley which led to the lush green gardens of Damascus.

There was just one hitch. Our advance had been so rapid that the British and Imperial columns on our flanks had been unable to keep up with us. As a result, Vichy French mechanized columns had slashed around behind us, and now our line of communication was cut. Furthermore, an air reconnaissance only a few hours before had reported that a large force of enemy tanks and armored cars was closing in on us from the right flank. Moreover, several large cavalry units had been observed concentrating for what would probably develop into a night attack. So, unless those orders mentioned the quick arrival of reinforcements, it looked like we were going to be in a very tough spot.

But the British are strange people. The tougher things get, the calmer they become. It isn't a pose—it is instinctive. Standing round the truck were several staff officers and company commanders. They were all highly trained professional soldiers and understood the situation perfectly. Like their men, they had been in action for more than sixty hours without a break. And now the sole topic of conversation as they waited for the orders was not what might happen next but the best place to have a bath in the irrigation ditch which flowed near by.

Finally the orders were decoded and handed to the brigade major. He was a tall handsome Scotsman in his early thirties. Most of his career had been spent fighting on the northwest frontier of India. He studied the orders carefully and smiled.

"Well," he said, "the brigadier has the right idea. When in doubt, advance. We're in a tight box here, but we're to keep right on going. We attack tonight and take Damascus in the morning."

What an attack it would be! The ring of fortresses and the defenses around Damascus were the strongest in all Syria, but nobody mentioned that. The orders were passed on quietly and we went down to have that swim. The banks of the ditch resembled a miniature Ganges. Scores of lithe copper-colored bodies glistened in sun and water. All of them—tall bearded Sikhs, wiry Hindus, handsome Rajputs—were fine-looking men and great soldiers.

Slowly the sun disappeared behind the snow-capped top of Mount Hermon. Darkness fell upon the valley. Our transport was moving off now; clouds of dust rose. We could hear the ring of the pickaxes of the reserve companies digging in around the grove. They were remaining behind to fight the rear-guard action as we advanced.

The portable radio tuned in to London: ". . . That is all until next week at the same time, and until then we hope you are having a jolly time." Some one playing Good Night, Sweetheart on a mouth organ.

For almost two hours now a steady stream of transports had been moving forward. And it was time for us to get going, too. We had teamed up with the colonel who was an official observer for the Indian government. He was just as anxious as we were to be the first into Damascus, so he was the man for us. Downs was a perfect picture of what the well dressed war correspondent will wear into battle this year. He was resplendent in the khaki tunic and shorts of the British army, and around his waist he wore a brilliant red cummerbund captured from a North African tirailleur. An oversized pith helmet completed the picture.

On the back of the heavily laden supply truck we rode through the night to the attack assembly point. The French artillery was in action now. Beyond the hills we could see the flash of the batteries as they fired. The whistle of the shells landing on the road was loud enough to be heard over the sound of our motors. But the trucks kept right on going. The assembly point was as far as we could go with the troops, for less than two miles away were enemy positions where the first assault would be made. So we selected a hill which overlooked the battleground and started climbing. For two hours we stumbled and fell over the rocks until finally we neared the top. We saw a yellow glow in the sky, and then, in a few minutes, the twinkling, dancing lights of Damascus, the oldest city in the world.

We sat there on the rocky hillside watching the lights and waiting for the attack to begin. The Indian troops were going to storm three heavily defended villages, one after the other, and finally scale the heights above Damascus and capture the almost impregnable fortresses. This was a job which called for tanks and armored cars, but those weren't available, so under the cover of darkness these men were going to do it with cold steel. They had accomplished miracles before, at Sidi Baram on the western desert and at Cheren in Ethiopia.

I must have fallen asleep, for

They continued firing until I thought my arms would break.

suddenly Downs was shaking me and shouting, "Bob, it's started! It's started!"

From the valley all hell seemed truly to have broken loose. From either side the darkness was stabbed by flashes of gunfire. In between the two fronts was a no man's land of solid night. Nearer firing on the French side of the valley seemed to reach a crescendo. However, the Indians must be moving up to make their bayonet charge into that curtain of fire. Gradually it died down. A colored rocket, followed by another, shot up into the air. Did this mean our troops had taken the objective, or had the enemy mowed them down? Our colonel had the answer—those were success rockets.

Three times during the night we watched the unholy fireworks, and each time the success rockets moved

farther away from us toward Damascus. Courage and leadership were accomplishing the impossible.

There was silence in the valley as dawn broke. Through our glasses we could see the dead and the debris of battle lying before the grove. There was no movement anywhere. Over a breakfast of bully beef we discussed our plans. The colonel pointed down the valley toward Damascus and said, "That is the way for me." He told us that we would have to wait until he had gone halfway before we started. We watched him walk down the valley and then we thought of the eight-mile walk. The thought appealed less and less. If we could get a lift in a truck or ambulance, we would be there much sooner. We made for a junction some distance away where a British artillery battery was in action. The major in charge described the situation as fluid.

"Our body," he said, "has been firing in three different directions. We are cleaning out the woods on the right where some snipers are still at work. We are supporting a Free French column which is trying to advance on our left. If you look up the road behind us, you will see our present target."

Sure enough, we could see three Vichy tanks rolling toward us not more than one mile away. A salvo from our guns brought them to an abrupt halt. Another, closer this time, sent them beating back in the direction from which they had come.

The major watched them for a moment and then said, "Well, that settles them for a while, anyway."

There was still no news of our brigade. They were either in or around Damascus or else they had been annihilated. But that seemed unlikely. Since dawn there had been no movement on the road in either direction. But now we saw three trucks coming toward us. I looked at Downs and said, "What do you think?"

"Well, it seems to me the brigadier's advice was pretty good last night—when in doubt, advance."

☆ WE stepped out into the road and waved to the trucks to stop. They were Free French patrols headed for Damascus to establish liaison with the brigade. We hopped aboard the leading truck.

"Glad to have you along," the commanding officer said. "There were thirteen in this party, and I don't think today is a good day for thirteen."

Rolling down the road, the whole story of the battle was unfolded—the dead lying around the pillboxes and barbed-wire entanglements at each village road, the vultures often in the distance circling over the bodies of French troops who had tried to escape. We proceeded cautiously for the first few miles, stopping at every bend and rise in the road to send a reconnaissance party ahead. But the valley was deserted.

The closer we approached Damascus, the more convinced we were that the city was in our hands. There were no stragglers from either side, no sentries—not a single indication of what was happening. We came within a mile of the suburbs. Downs was full of the great news scoop he was going to have, and how he was going to make a dash for the radio station.

"Well, kid, the world's greatest reporter does it again," he said, slapping me on the back.

Just then we passed the first of a series of pillboxes beside the road. For an instant I saw what looked like French khaki through one of the narrow slits. I shouted to the driver, who stopped. The Frenchmen jumped from their truck, guns ready for action, and shouted for whoever was inside to come out. There was no reply. I insisted I had seen something move inside. The officer shouted again, this time that he would throw a hand grenade into the pillbox unless they came out. An arm suddenly was extended waving a white handkerchief, and was followed by four French colonial soldiers. We collected their revolvers, rifles, and machine guns across the barbed-wire barrier and our lieutenant told them to wait until a patrol picked them up. As we climbed back into our truck, I thought I heard one of them muttering in French about other soldiers up the road, but no one paid any attention. So I thought I had misunderstood.

The second truck in our column had passed us now and we followed. We were almost in Damascus; one of the seven main gates was less than a quarter of a mile ahead. We were feeling pretty good. Then I made the mistake of saying to Downs, "The one-man blitzkrieg rides again and—"

☆ I NEVER finished that sentence because that was when the shooting started. There was a large crackling around my ears, and I dropped flat on the munition cases in the truck. The brakes screamed and we skidded to a halt. My first thought was that this was some of our own party firing. Then I felt the impact of the bullets crashing into the front of the truck. I rolled over the side to the ground.

I crouched down low on one knee and looked around. Most of the firing seemed to be coming from the other side of the road. I went to the rear of the truck and saw one of our men there on his knees fumbling with a tommy gun. Suddenly he crumpled up and fell forward. He was almost cut in half. Ahead I could see the driver of the first truck sagging over the side, covered with blood. This was an ambush, all right.

The crackling was louder now. They were not only firing from the other side of the road. There were more of them opening up from directly ahead, apparently from behind that wall about seventy-five yards away.

I lay flat and pressed hard against the sand. Downs was doing the same about ten feet away.

The air was almost solid with lead. Bullets whistled above us, whipping into the truck, ricocheting off the road. Somehow I had the cockeyed idea that some one was going to come to our rescue, that we weren't going to lie here until we were all dead. I was very thirsty, I remember. I worked my head around and looked back, still half expecting to see reinforcements coming up the road. Instead, I saw the two officers. One was crouching by the rear wheel of the truck, firing his revolver. The other lay out in the open calling to him:

"Jacques, you take over the command, do you hear? I am hit."

The younger man immediately took over, shouting to one of his men who remained beside a machine gun near the first truck—calling, "Open fire!"

All this time there had been no let-up. Every slight movement of any of us brought that crackling sound closer to our ears. When I turned my head to see if Downs was all right, there was actually a stream of dust where bullets were hitting the sand between us.

I knew that they couldn't go on missing us much longer. What are you going to do about it? The United States marines are not coming to your rescue fast, brother. But they must have been reading my mind. Every time I thought of moving I could feel that blast right over my head.

The more I thought about the setup, the less I liked it. What am I doing here anyway? Why did I ever want to become a war correspondent? Why didn't I stay in California? Anyway, what am I going to do now?

☆ AN iron tank made up my mind for me. Above that rivet-hammering chorus came a new sound, a deep-throated, sinister sort of bark. I looked up and saw a tank moving slowly through the barricade.

"Ken, let's get out of here," I called.

We jumped to our feet, made a flying leap, and crouched behind the truck. The sudden movement brought every gun to bear on us. We were safe from the tank but only for a moment. The truck ahead was burning furiously.

"We can't stay here—this truck is full of ammunition. One hit, and we'll go up with it," I said.

Downs sprinted down the road. I was just about three steps behind him, and the little French driver of our truck—still carrying his rifle—was behind me. My back felt like an expanse about the size of Asia. They missed us before, I thought, but they just can't miss now. Suddenly Downs took a headlong dive off the road into a tiny culvert. I landed on top of him and the soldier landed on me.

Rubble came showering down on us as the shells from the tank cannon hit the spot we had left a minute before. Ken had managed to squeeze his head and shoulders under the small concrete pipe which ran beneath the road. I tried to get in with him, but there was no room. It was impossible to go further. Ken said, "There's only one thing to do—hoist a white flag."

(*Continued on page 36*)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

$4,000 a Week for Doing As H

The amazing success story of a radio star whose voice you never hear

☆ THE most fought-over man in radio is not an actor, not a singer, not a news commentator, not a master of ceremonies and not a ventriloquist's dummy. He has yet to say his first word into a microphone, and likely will never say it.

Yet last year he received $4,000 a week from radio's biggest sponsors for doing—it was written in the contract, no foolin'!—exactly what he liked. And this year, as these words are written, four famous sponsors of nation-wide radio programs are competing for his services on the same uncompromising and even more purse-filling terms.

The man's name is Arch Oboler.

Arch, picked last year as one of America's "Ten Outstanding Young Men," has been variously described as NBC's No. 1 wonder boy, the William Saroyan of radio, the radio Reinhardt, all the Dead End Kids put together, and Oboler of the gnomelike puss.

The last phrase is absolutely accurate and constitutes his chief claim to architectural distinction. In fact, except for the aforementioned façade, Arch is a man "you would dismiss if he were pointed out to you at a party"—to quote one of his friends—"with a shrug and a 'So what?'"

"He is too short," continues his dearest pal and severest male critic, "he has too little hair, too large a head, wears too thick glasses and talks too distractedly."

The aesthetic situation, superficially speaking, is helped not at all by the outlandish garments with which he chooses to cover his five-feet-three nakedness. His invariable uniform, whether on Fifth Avenue or Vine Street, is an unspeakable sweat shirt, a pair of unpressed and now unpressable baggy slacks, a violent jacket, and the kind of busted-out shoes which can only be described as comfy. He tops this ensemble with an Ed Wynn hat, selected at random, without regard to shape, size, or color, from a large collection of the same.

And what does this "provocative pixy" do for a living?

Well, among other things, he thinks up a new idea every week—which is alone enough to get a strong man down. Then, having thought up his idea, he writes, casts, rehearses, and produces it himself, and without help from anybody, as a complete serious dramatic play—one of a long series of such plays, which have been pronounced by press and public the finest original material ever readied for the air.

Alter Ego was Arch's. That was the one in which Bette Davis played the good and the bad. It was chosen the best radio play of 1939. Many thought it should have been chosen the best play of any kind.

Rich Kid was Arch's, too. That's the one Rudy Vallee produced so many times with Freddie Bartholomew and the original Dead End Kids. It holds the record as the most performed radio play.

This Lonely Heart, with Nazimova, described as "a radio fluoroscoping of the troubled soul of Tchaikovsky's ever-loving patroness, Mme. von Meck," was also Arch's—the first successful attempt at an hour-long drama on the air, and the first time a full-strength symphony orchestra was ever used to give musical background to a serious drama.

When this unprecedented dramatic blitzkrieg hit the airways, conventionally minded radio die-hards choked on their own saliva, but theatrically wise, hard-boiled Variety, recognizing the epochal, oracled:

"A rare example of the radio dramatic art . . . the ultimate to date in the form of microphonic dramaturgy . . . there wasn't one awkward interruption, aside, or offstage interpolation to mar the natural smoothness of action, flow of scene, and blend of sequence."

That's the kind of important stuff this Oboler pulls out of the ether every week, and gives back to that element, bearing the unmistakable marks of his genius—yes, it's not too big a word for Arch—and his industry.

When his works were gathered recently into a book, such authority as the Saturday Review of Literature was moved to say:

"By this publication radio is at last formally—and deservedly—recognized as a field of letters."

Performing his radio miracles in Hollywood, as most kilocycle masters now do, Arch was naturally paged by the movies. He isn't very excited about them, considers radio the theatrical medium of the future, but agreed to take one fling. That fling was Escape, with Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Conrad Veidt, Felix Bressart, and Albert Basserman.

Less original than his radio masterpieces, and less compelling—perhaps because of the studio's casting of the romantic leads—Escape was without question one of the outstanding pictures of its year. Incidentally, it brought Oboler a juicy contract to write for Frank Lloyd Productions when, and if, he has time.

In the beginning, Arch had little or no use for movie stars. He preferred to feature unknowns of his own finding. Ray Johnson was one; Ann Shepherd was another. This preference was due, first, to the belief that movie actors, after doing a hard day's work, were too tired to give their all on the air; and, secondly, to the belief

FREDERICK LEWIS

that most movie stars, when they get on the air, "stink." The expression is his own.

Continued residence in Hollywood has wrought some change in Arch on the latter point. He finds an increasing quota of Hollywood celebrities really taking radio seriously.

The proof of that is to be found in the way this little tenderfoot from the kilocycles is being pursued for parts in his plays by Hollywood actors and actresses who are willing to work actually for nothing to come under his directing hand. The radio union rules won't permit this free stuff—but Alla Nazimova worked for the union minimum, twenty-one bucks, and so did Jim Cagney in Johnny Get Your Gun.

What sent Nazimova to Oboler begging to work with him was a listening-in on one of his dramas.

"Here is genius!" shouted the temperamental Russian. "Such imagination! Such plot and characterization! Such a seriousness!"

No, this show-shop celebrity was not born on New York's "teeming lower East Side," as is customary with most theatrical somebodies. He got himself born near pleasant Jackson Park in Chicago.

At fifteen, while a student at Hyde Park High School, Arch sold a manuscript—an erudite discussion of television—and with that literary invasion of the ether, he was off on his fated, if not chosen, career.

Arch didn't become a radio prodigy right away. Instead, he bought a secondhand typewriter and began pounding for the pulps. He tried the University of Chicago as an aid to his pursuit of the finer arts, but found that the English department was notably unallergic to what he considered literary achievements.

When he sold Futuristic, his first radio script, to NBC, and heard it aired as part of the program celebrating the prying open of Radio City, he was sure that Rockefeller's university was not for him and that Rockefeller Center was his oyster.

The conviction nearly caused his death by slow starvation. But after a year of failure to click, he landed a couple of spot scripts, and their success led to his doing the Grand Hotel program for Don Ameche.

After Grand Hotel, Arch did Lights Out, a sort of Grand Guignol of the sky, which spewed its shrieks on the midnight air with such horrendous violence that it made bad neighbors out of good neighbors on every American thoroughfare.

Despairing of producing each week a horror more eldritch even than the little number he had executed the previous week, and spurning all offers of a millionairish old age writing soap operas for the daylight trade, Oboler turned once again to theatrically significant drama.

Rich Kid gave him the prestige he needed. Since then he has done what he wanted to do—and how!

Oboler is passionately fond of music, leans heavily on it for mood stimulation, sometimes for specific ideas. He reads voraciously; his home, either in New York or Hollywood, looks like a literary dump for used books and magazines. Reading the play Dead End gave him the idea for Rich Kid, the story of a gentle little fellow taunted and heckled by a pair of tough kids because he wouldn't fight; in the end it is discovered that he couldn't fight—he was blind. Most of Oboler's plays are simple, like that, but socko.

Specializing in what he describes as "emotional conflict," and never afraid to indulge his flair for the bizarre, even the macabre, Arch never loses sight of his central idea. There is underneath a simple majesty to the best of Oboler's work that reminds one of Stephen Crane.

And how did this "potent, talented screwball" persuade the powers-that-are in radio to allow him to do things that nobody else had ever dared to do?

By a typical Oboler stunt.

Having conceived an idea for a play, based partly on the old Cyrano legend and partly on a conversation with Boris Karloff, he staged the whole thing himself privately in Chicago, sound effects and everything, made a phonographic recording of the result, stuck the disk in his suitcase, hopped a plane, walked into the "main dump" in Radio City, plopped the record on a phonograph and made the big boys listen to it.

This was The Ugliest Man in the World, first of the notable series called Arch Oboler's Plays.

"What would happen to a man who was so ugly"—this is Arch's own description of his play—"that children would scream in fright when they saw him; who was such a shocking spectacle that even his mother's life became unbearably unhappy? How would such a man react to people and to love?"

Imagine trying to sell that one to a radio executive by mail!

He uses reminiscent themes, employed by the masters long before the beginning of radio time. Arch doesn't claim originality for them. One secret of his success, he states frankly, is "Research, research, research!" Where Oboler's originality comes in is in the creation of a new way to present these ideas to the world, a way conditioned by the medium in which he works.

In spite of his phenomenal professional activity, Arch does have a personal life, and very nice, too.

Her name is Eleanor and she is known in Oboler circles as "Arch's child wife."

Actually, Eleanor is in her middle twenties, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and she has been married to Arch since February, 1937. But she looks so much like a child, that Arch has to carry his marriage license with him all the time to prove that everything is on the up and up.

As I conclude these truly appreciative paragraphs, Oboler is out in Columbus, Ohio, teaching a summer course in radio writing at Ohio State University. He doesn't get $4,000 a week for this sort of thing, and he doesn't care—much.

He says himself that he is making twice as much money as anybody ought to make.

Sure, he'll take the biggest offer of the many he is now mulling. Who wouldn't? But way down in his funny, screwy, but sound and warm heart, he is most tickled by the fact that, come what sponsor may, he has been assured by radio's lawmakers that he can again have his own programs to do with as he wishes.

"It's a great opportunity, the radio," he says. "An actor would have to play to a thousand people a night, seven nights a week, for ten years, in order to reach as many people as he can reach in one half-hour broadcast.

"As for the radio playwright"—Arch is far less bumptious than these words sound but quite as realistic—"already I have a larger audience than Shakespeare ever had!"

THE END

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER

Nazidom from the inside! Second of a remarkable series in which the ex-steelmaster reveals what he did, admits his mistake, and offers a surprising plan for peace

Why I Joined the Nazis

BY FRITZ THYSSEN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Fritz Thyssen, until his break with Hitler, was the head of the German steel trust. Last March there was a report in Vichy that he was in the Dachau concentration camp. Nazi authorities said he was in South America. More recently it has been rumored that he is in a German sanatorium. On July 31 the New York Herald Tribune reported that it had discovered that $3,000,000 in American currency, either his own or in his name, was "salted away" in New York bank vaults—where, like other foreign assets, it is frozen as the result of United States government action.

In the spring of 1940, in Paris, Dr. Emery Reves persuaded him to write the memoirs that Liberty is now publishing and, at Monte Carlo, assisted him in preparing the MS.

Last week, in the opening installment, Thyssen told of his escape from the Austrian Alps into Switzerland on September 2, 1939. He had wired Göring that he was opposed to the impending war; Hitler's broadcast, "He who is not for me is a traitor," had seemed to him an answer to his telegram. He wrote to Göring so indignantly that an official said the message could not be forwarded, but he was later satisfied that Göring had received it, and was unmoved by an assurance that if he came back at once all would be forgiven.

On October 13 the Gestapo distrained upon the whole of Thyssen's property in Germany. In December he wrote to Hitler, protesting that his only crime had been belief in him, condemning the persecutions of Catholic clergy and of Jews, and declaring that Hitler was now "pushing Germany into the abyss."

☆ I WAS an officer in the first World War. Until the last day, I shared the sufferings and the hopes that animated all the soldiers at the front. I had known for a long time that the civilian population at home was tired of the gigantic effort it had to put forth. In our Rhenish-Westphalian industrial region, where my father's factories were located, the fires of revolt had been smoldering for a long time. From 1918 onward, extremist agitation took on a more and more revolutionary character. The Bolsheviks, who had seized power in Russia, sent their most dangerous agents across the frontier. The initial success of Ludendorff's offensive of 1918 raised the morale of the German people. Final defeat made it fall all the lower.

It was at Kiel that the lightning struck first. The mutiny in the Imperial Navy early in November, 1918, marked the beginning of the German Revolution. It spread rapidly through all the cities of northern Germany. In the great industrial cities—in Hamborn, Mühlheim, and Essen—workers' and soldiers' soviets were formed, and these quickly seized power.

The great Rhenish industrialist, Hugo Stinnes, negotiated with the unions. He secured promises which guaranteed order and social peace in the region. But already a part of the workers, influenced by revolutionary propaganda, had abandoned the leadership of the Social Democratic Party. The workers' and soldiers' councils opened the prison gates and the political prisoners of the past two years were freed.

At Mühlheim we spent a painful five weeks. In the evening of December 7, armed men came and arrested me and my father. We were escorted to the prison of Mühlheim, where four other industrialists soon arrived to join us. We were awakened in the middle of the night. A dozen rowdy-looking individuals carrying guns ordered us into the prison courtyard. I thought they were going to execute us. However, they simply took us to Berlin, where a military detachment awaited us. Its leader received us with overbearing insolence. I learned later that he was Emil Eichhorn, a dangerous Communist agitator in the service of Soviet Russia who had named himself chief of the Berlin police during the revolution. He took us to police headquarters and examined us. "You are accused," he said, "of treason and anti-revolutionary activities. You are enemies of the people and have asked for the intervention of French troops in order to prevent the Socialist revolution."

None of us had had the slightest contact with the French army of occupation. We all protested. In answer to his more specific charges, my father and I could produce an alibi. We had not left Mühlheim for a week; numerous witnesses could affirm it. Eichhorn answered brutally, "What about those witnesses? All bourgeois! Their statements have no value whatever."

We were taken to Moabit, the main prison of Berlin. On the fourth day, our alibi having been verified, we were freed.

On the 19th of November I had witnessed the return of the troops in

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Cologne. The Mühlheim regiment returned three weeks later, acclaimed by the population. But the calm did not last for long. At Hamborn, where we also owned a factory, the radical elements held the power. On Christmas Eve, a strike was proclaimed there. Alarmed, the mayor called me on the telephone to ask me to come over. I recalled to him the agreement which Hugo Stinnes had made with the unions in the name of the entire industry of the district, and told him I could not conclude any separate arrangement. That was that. But early the next morning a delegation of five Communist workers came to my home to take me to Hamborn by force.

I told the butler to let them know that I was dressing and to ask them to come in and have some coffee. While they were drinking it, I warned my wife to go with my little daughter to Duisburg, which was occupied by Belgian troops. My aged father was living about eight miles from Mühlheim at the castle of Landsberg on the Ruhr. I left by a hidden door and went to Landsberg. My father and I left immediately, afoot, but soon we were given a lift in a car. We had good reason to fear that we would be arrested. Already the news was spreading that well known personalities had been shot by Communist bands.

The impressions which those agitated days left upon me have never been blotted out. I have spent my life among workers. My father worked with them at the beginning of his career. Never have the workers of our factories shown us any kind of hostility, still less of hatred—not even the Communists. All disorders and excesses have almost always been due to foreigners.

During an entire year, 1918-19, strikes followed one another without either motives or results. It was impossible to reorganize industrial production. The mining of coal diminished day by day. We even feared that saboteurs might destroy the machinery. No one was any longer assured of his individual freedom, nor even of his safety. A man could be arrested and shot without any reason.

Did Versailles Poison Europe?

It was then that I realized the necessity—if Germany was not to sink into anarchy—of fighting all this radical agitation. The memory of those days did much to dispose me, later on, to offer my help to National Socialism, which I believed to be capable of solving in a new manner the pressing industrial and social problems of the great industrial country which is Germany.

In the spring of 1919 I went to Paris with one of the members of the German Peace Delegation, Postal Minister Johann Giesberts. I myself held no official appointment. I had hoped, however, to be of service to the German delegation in the discussion of the economic questions which were to be settled by the Peace Treaty.

Today it is clear to everybody that the treaty imposed on Germany at Versailles by Clemenceau was nefarious. It charged her with the responsibility for the war, condemned her to pay reparations which were absurd from the point of view of economics, mutilated her frontiers, and deprived the German nation of the right to dispose of its own affairs.

I stayed nearly three months at Versailles. I left on June 16, 1919, to accompany the German ministers belonging to the Peace Delegation to Weimar, where the government and the National Assembly were then in session. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, with whom I was well acquainted, did his best to persuade the German government not to sign the treaty. I myself tried to convince the Catholic deputies whom I knew that it would be an error. Almost all of them were of the opinion that the Treaty could not be fulfilled but that a refusal to sign was out of the question.

This was a capital political mistake. It is my opinion that the great political

The soldiers fired on the demonstrators. Ludendorff marched erect.

lie which has poisoned Europe for over twenty years began on the day of the signature of the Treaty of Versailles. For my father and myself, a refusal to sign would have resulted in consequences of the gravest kind, for the Rhenish-Westphalian industry would have been the first to feel the Allies' heavy hand. This became obvious a few years later, when Poincaré ordered the occupation of the Ruhr. Nevertheless, we were in favor of rejecting obligations which manifestly could not be fulfilled.

The revolutionary danger and the humiliation of Versailles gave rise to the violent nationalistic and anti-Socialistic reaction which soon gathered momentum throughout Germany. Groups commanded by former army officers were being formed here and there as a check to the elements of disorder. The government more or less tolerated them, for its Socialist members were convinced that it was necessary to erect a solid barrier against the rising flood of anarchy if the country was to be brought back to work.

It was the military and conservative elements that staged the first postwar *coup d'état*, in 1920. Even at the time of the signature of the Versailles Treaty, in June, 1919, a party of officers wanted to set up a military dictatorship and appealed to their chief, Gustav Noske, the Socialist Minister of Defense. The coup of March, 1920, was in fact a revival of that project. Only, this time the generals wanted to be absolutely rid of left-wing radicalism. They had pushed Noske aside in favor of Dr. Wolfgang Kapp, a conservative official from East Prussia, founder of the Fatherland Party. General Ludendorff supported the new project. That the general was a great soldier had been amply demonstrated. But he had never possessed any political sense.

Revolt, Then Ruinous Inflation

The coup, afterward known as the "Kapp Putsch," had been badly prepared. The conspirators had no genuine support except that af a few military units. The army as a whole had not been definitely won over. Nevertheless the putschists succeeded in taking possession of Berlin and its government offices. Whereupon the Ebert government proclaimed a general strike. In the industrial district the consequence of this clumsy attempt at counterrevolution was a new revolutionary movement. At Essen, at Duisburg, at Düsseldorf, at Mühlheim revolutionary committees seized political power under the pretext of the general strike. The workmen organized an armed militia.

As soon as the trouble began, I left Mühlheim with my family in order to go to Crefeld, on the left bank of the Rhine. The bridge was guarded by Belgians, who allowed me to pass. The German industrialists watched the new revolutionary movement with apprehension, for it disorganized the whole economic life of the district anew. The disorders lasted a fortnight. Finally the Reichswehr was obliged to intervene.

During the following year new strikes and street battles occurred in many industrial cities of the Ruhr. And hardly had the revolutionary danger been overcome when the weight of reparations began again to disorganize economic life. The flood of currency inflation rose steadily, and slowly ruined the German middle class. The inflation made it impossible to adapt wages to the constant rise in the cost of living. The Ruhr industry finally issued a kind of emergency money with stable value.

How Thyssen "Saved the Ruhr"

While we were in the midst of these difficulties, the French government under Poincaré decided, at the beginning of 1923, to occupy the industrial region. On January 11 French and Belgian troops entered Essen and Gelsenkirchen. On the following day the occupation was extended to Bochum, to Dortmund, and the entire basin of the Ruhr. In several cities incidents of a sanguinary character between troops and the population occurred. Workmen were killed.

It was my opinion that Poincaré's *coup de force* might have given us the chance to denounce the Treaty of Versailles, which, in effect, the Belgian and French governments had become the first to violate. The German coal syndicate presently met at Hamburg. I attended the meeting, together with such other industrialists as Kirdorf, Krupp von Bohlen, Klöckner, and Hugo Stinnes. I was of the opinion that, since we had not taken advantage of the occupation by denouncing the treaty, we should now resist.

A second session was held several days later at Essen. The other industrialists adopted my opinion and asked me to be their spokesman. The meeting passed a resolution declaring that the industrialists would deliver coal to the Allies in accordance with the Berlin government's consent. At the same time we sent an emissary to Berlin to ask the government to cover us by forbidding the deliveries. Not everybody had supported our intransigent attitude. Two days after the occupation the French engineers arrived. A few of the mine owners entered into negotiation with them. We decided to institute a secret tribunal which was to punish these refractory owners.

It was a very critical moment for Germany. If France had succeeded in getting possession of the Ruhr industry, the country would never have been able to recover.

Several days after the entry of the French troops I was summoned by the French general. He asked, "Have the industrialists decided to effect the deliveries which Germany has agreed to make under the treaty?" I replied that the occupation of the territory was considered by the German government to be a violation of the treaty and that in consequence we had received orders not to effect these deliveries. In that case, the general told me, the industrialists themselves would have to take the consequences of their refusal.

On January 20 I and several other mine owners were arrested and transferred to the military prison of Mainz. I stayed there three days. When they heard the news of my imprisonment, the workmen of our factories became so agitated that the French government decided not to have me condemned to prison for five years, as I had expected they would. The court-martial merely imposed a fine of 300,000 gold marks. I was set at liberty at once, before paying the fine.

As I left the court-martial with my father, the population of Mainz and delegations of workmen from the Ruhr staged a great demonstration in our honor. I was carried to the railroad station as if in triumph.

When I returned to Mühlheim, I organized the passive resistance which was Germany's answer to the occupation. The government had forbidden the coal deliveries. The officials had been instructed to refuse to obey the order of the occupation authorities. The railroad employees went on strike. Navigation on the Rhine was stopped. The French themselves had to provide the means of transporting passengers and goods. The army occupied the mouths of the mine pits belonging to the Prussian state. When this happened, the miners quit work. In the other collieries the work continued. But no train, no boat transported any of the coal to Belgium or France.

Hitler's "Rewards" to Catholics

The passive resistance was organized in its entirety by me. But I had the absolute co-operation of the population. The Catholic clergy, particularly the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, supported our efforts with the greatest devotion. It was thanks to them that there could be accomplished in the Ruhr a real national union which made it possible to save the integrity of the Reich.

It is necessary today to emphasize this attitude of the Catholic clergy. The National Socialists had nothing to do with the passive resistance. They have since then boasted of having organized acts of sabotage. That is absolutely untrue. Their "hero" Schlageter was not a Nazi at all; he belonged to a good Catholic family.

Hitler has never understood the national importance of the fight which we then carried on along the Rhine. Already during that time he was dreaming of seizing power, and he was preparing his Munich putsch. The highly patriotic attitude of the Catholic clergy and population during that time has been rewarded by Hitler with the blackest ingratitude. His Nazi regime has not scrupled to reproach the Catholics with "not being good Germans." He has arrested our priests, has falsely accused them in the most odious manner; he has

dragged bishops before his tribunals, where they have been insulted. I shall tell later on what consequences the Rhenish Catholics are prepared to draw from such ingratitude and such indignity.

In October, 1923, after the end of the passive resistance, I made a trip to Munich. I called on General Erich Ludendorff, whose acquaintance I had made at my father's house during the war. After the revolution of 1918, General Ludendorff enjoyed a great reputation among patriots. As the Ruhr was being occupied, Hugo Stinnes established relations with him, and he went to Berlin with a view to organizing military resistance to the occupation. But both General von Seeckt, who was then commander in chief of the German army, and the Reich government side-stepped this project—not without reason, it seems to me, for military resistance would only have increased the disaster.

In conversation with Ludendorff, I deplored the apparent fact that there were not at that time men in Germany whom an energetic national spirit would inspire to improve the situation.

"There is but one hope," Ludendorff said to me, "and this hope is embodied in the national groups which desire our recovery." He recommended in particular the Oberland League, and, above all, the National Socialist Party of Adolf Hitler. All these were leagues of young people and World War veterans who were resolved to fight Socialism as the cause of all disorder. Ludendorff greatly admired Hitler.

"He is the only man," he said, "who has any political sense. Go and listen to him some time."

I followed his advice. I attended several public meetings organized by Hitler. It was then that I realized his oratorical gifts and his ability to lead the masses. What impressed me most, however, was the almost military discipline of his followers.

Frankenstein Meets His Monster

Several days later I made Hitler's acquaintance at the house of Dr. Max Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, a young Baltic nobleman who served as go-between for Hitler and Ludendorff, the latter of whom had arranged this interview.

The conversation ran on political topics. We were at the worst time of the inflation. In Berlin the government was in distress. It was ruined financially. Authority was breaking down. In Saxony a Communist government had been formed, and the Red terror reigned through the countryside. In Hamburg a Communist revolt had broken out. Thuringia had given itself a Communist government. In the Rhineland separatist revolts had taken place.

Amid all this chaos, Bavaria seemed to be the last fortress of order and patriotism. It was in Munich that the revolution of 1918 had caused the greatest ravages. But Bavaria, of all the German states, had recovered first. A Catholic government, supported by the majority of Bavarians, had succeeded in liquidating the revolution. Munich had become the center of all those who desired to re-establish discipline and authority. Little by little a new policy began to take shape there. The Bavarian government declared publicly that they did not recognize any longer, so far as they were concerned, the Treaty of Versailles, which had been broken by Poincaré. The army corps which was stationed in Bavaria and commanded by a Bavarian refused to execute the orders of Berlin. Bavaria gave itself a kind of chief of state in the person of Gustav von Kahr, who took the title of Commissioner General of the State. This was almost open rebellion against Berlin. The old Field Marshal von Hindenburg warned the Bavarian government not to commit any irremediable acts and advised it to consider the unity of the Reich. Several days later the Bavarian government declared, in a proclamation, that the Bavarians were the most loyal of all Germans but had broken off relations with Communist Saxony.

Such was the atmosphere in which my first meeting with Hitler took place. I cannot recall with certainty the exact part which each of us took in the conversation. Ludendorff and Hitler agreed to undertake a military expedition against Saxony in order to depose its Communist government. The ultimate aim of the proposed expedition was to overthrow the Weimar democracy, whose weakness was leading Germany into anarchy.

His First Gift to Nazism

Funds were lacking. Ludendorff already had solicited and obtained the help of several industrialists, particularly Herr Minnoux of the Stinnes firm. For my part, I gave him about one hundred thousand gold marks. This was my first contribution to the National Socialist Party. These funds, however, I delivered neither to Hitler nor to his *Kampfbund*, but to Ludendorff, whom I desired to use them as best he could.

I did not examine the details of the plans evolved by Ludendorff and Hitler. I did not wish to mix in politics. While in Munich I also visited Herr von Kahr. Being the confidant of Crown Prince Rupprecht, he held that the Wittelsbach dynasty should be re-established on the Bavarian throne as quickly as possible. And then, perhaps, a Wittelsbach might one day become Emperor of Germany or at least of a Catholic Germany to which might be joined the western provinces of Austria. So far as I was concerned, I had no ambition to play any part in this movement. My duty as an industrialist came first. As soon as we could be freed from disorder, Germany must be put back to work.

Ludendorff and his allies, the patriotic leagues, had undertaken Germany's political recovery. I gave them material assistance, but, as I say, I did not wish to enter political life. Besides, I was unaware at the time of the importance of Adolf Hitler, the National Socialist leader. No doubt he was a good speaker—an effective political agitator—but he was nothing more. For me, Ludendorff and Kahr were the two decisive figures. I knew nothing, then, of the deep disagreement that separated them on the question of the restoration of the Bavarian monarchy; of the fact that Ludendorff was a personal enemy of Crown Prince Rupprecht for reasons that went back to the World War.

The true facts about the Hitler putsch of November 8, 1923, have never been entirely revealed. The hasty action precipitated by Hitler caused the failure of the scheme.

An expedition of the Bavarian army and of the armed political leagues against Communist Thuringia and Saxony was decided upon in Munich.

(*Continued on page 55*)

20 QUESTIONS

Gregory Pinquetea, our question expert, got nineteen right in this quiz. He missed No. 17, which we admit is hard. He said he thought No. 7 was "quite instructive."

1—In a recent athletic contest, who failed to win what because he lost his head?

2—Are polecats so named because they come from Poland?

3—What part of the air over the United States has been set aside for military use only?

4—Is the rainbow ever seen as a complete circle?

5—What United States stadium seats the most persons?

6—His first name was Byron. He served many years in the Senate and was a loyal supporter of President Roosevelt. What was his full name?

7—What invention, devised by a blind man, has probably been of more value than any other to blind persons? And what was the blind man's name?

8—What and where are the two islands to which Napoleon was exiled?

9—Does a West Point cadet pay tuition?

10—By which of his names should you address General Chiang Kai-shek?

11—Who was "Calamity Jane"?

12—Do senators receive more or less pay than representatives?

13—These are prime numbers: 1, 2, 5, 17, 101, 997. What makes these numbers "prime"?

14—What dairy product has the Secretary of Agriculture asked Americans to use less of in order that more might be available for Britain?

15—What were the first names of Chopin, Brahms, Beethoven, and Mozart?

16—What type of percussion instrument, used in dancing, gets its name from its similarity to chestnuts?

17—Which state has the authorization of the United States government, if it cares to use it, to divide its territory into four extra states, each of which will be admitted to the Union?

18—What city had the first subway, and when was it built?

19—On the Jefferson nickel, is the phrase "In God We Trust" on the side showing Monticello or the side showing Jefferson?

20—What two appointive positions are held by Jesse H. Jones?

(Answers will be found on page 51)

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

Dirty Work at the

BY HOWARD BRESLIN

ILLUSTRATOR FRANK BENSING

☆ LIKE most of the players on the Jackdaw payroll, Pete Barney was discovered by Doc Masters. Of course the Doc brags most about finding the Littleboy. No scout comes up with a crack pitcher every day. But Doc had a special fondness for Barney, and of all the first basemen in a century of baseball the Doc claims only Gehrig was fit to carry Pete Barney's glove.

For one thing, Pete's a local product from the slum district that's only a trolley ride from the Jackdaw ball park. By all the rules, Pete Barney should be playing for Chicago or Cincinnati or any club but his native town. Ballplayers, like prophets, generally leave home to get recognition, and Doc Masters is proud that Pete didn't slip away from the Jackdaws.

It was a near thing. The Doc wasn't even working when he found Pete Barney. It happened in midseason about six years ago. Doc Masters had just gotten the best of a bout of flu, and, being on vacation, decided to go to the ball game. The Jackdaws were at home playing the Pittsburgh Penguins, and Doc took a cab to the stadium.

The cab weaved through the slum section, trying to beat the lights, but it got caught at one corner, and the Doc, sitting back smoking, heard somebody yell:

"Out! Out by a mile! What are you—blind?"

Doc Masters grinned. He straightened and looked out the window. A couple of pick-up teams were playing in a vacant lot that stretched alongside a gas tank. There was a huddle at second base arguing with a tiny colored man. The colored man wasn't arguing. He kept waving his arm, thumb up, in the sweeping umpire's gesture for out.

The Doc shook his head at the condition of the field—then suddenly stopped grinning and stared. A man was sitting on a box at the edge of the vacant lot. There was something very familiar about his back.

"Silky," said Doc to himself. "Silky Gill."

The cab started to move.

"Wait a minute," said Doc Masters. "Pull up. I'll get out here."

Silky Gill was then and is now the Doc's chief rival and head scout for the Penguins. Doc knew Silky wasn't hanging around a sand-lot ball game to watch the tiny umpire work.

Doc Masters paid off the cab driver and strolled across the sidewalk. He took a position well behind Silky and waited.

The shouting huddle quieted; the players moved back into position. Doc glanced from one to another to a third, sizing them up. They looked pretty bad.

The batter slashed a grounder to short. The shortstop stabbed at it, fumbled it, flung the ball desperately toward first. It was a bad throw, wild and low, and Doc winced. But the first baseman, a tall wide-shouldered lad in tattered trousers and a greasy sweat shirt, stretched easily and flicked the ball from the dirt with his gloved right hand.

"Out!" yelped the umpire.

Doc pursed his lips in a silent whistle. But the play wasn't finished. The runner on second had left with the pitch and was well past third when the first baseman got the ball. Everybody on the field screamed, and the runner dug in for home.

The first baseman leaped up, turned, threw. The ball beat the runner by three feet, and it came into the catcher's mitt waist-high and level. The runner tried sliding but didn't have a chance.

Doc heard the umpire's "Out!" but he was busy. His eyes narrowed, watching Silky Gill. Silky's head turned as the first baseman passed him on the way in from the field.

"H'm-m," muttered the Doc. "I thought so."

A few minutes later he was sure. There was only one ballplayer in that vacant lot, and it was the tall first baseman. Doc watched him bat. He drove the ball high against the side of the gas tank—a long liner that held up the game until the ball was retrieved. The sand-lot pitcher had nothing but a roundhouse curve; still, the Doc liked the easy way the first baseman swung.

Doc Masters walked forward and tapped Silky on the shoulder.

"Hello, Silky."

A gay tale of baseball, a boy and a jinx, and a trick that backfired

Crossroads

"Go on. Beat it! You're a jinx!"

Silky jumped. He glared, then smiled weakly. "Hello, Doc."

"Sign him?"

"Why, Doc!" Silky's eyes got round and innocent; he sounded hurt. "There ain't nothing around here to sign. You know me. I just can't help stopping when I see a game. But these kids—" Silky shrugged.

"Yeah," said Doc Masters. "Not good."

"Terrible," agreed Silky.

"Thanks," said the Doc. "That's what I wanted to know. You haven't signed him yet. Too bad, Silky."

Silky laughed. "You're a great kidder, Doc."

"Sure. I don't suppose you'd tell me his name." Doc waited, but Silky's face was blank. "O. K. I can find out." He turned toward first base. Silky Gill was at Doc's elbow before he went two steps.

"I saw him first," said Silky. "He's ours, Doc. Why, he's everything but signed. You can't pull anything! We'd fight it all the way to Landis—"

Doc raised his voice. "Son," he called. "You there, at first. Can I talk to you a minute?"

The first baseman turned. A pair of very dark eyes regarded the Doc with suspicion. "What for?" asked the player. He had a low growl for a voice.

"It won't take long," said Doc Masters.

"You got the wrong guy. I ain't done nothing."

The Doc laughed. "Nothing like that, son. I've been watching you play ball. I think you've got something."

Silky said very smoothly: "How'd you like a chance with the Penguins? The Pittsburgh Penguins? I can fix that, Pete."

Pete scowled at Silky. He said: "You been hanging around here for a couple of days now. I figured you was up to something."

"So did I," said Doc Masters.

"You two together?"

"No." Doc shook his head. "I scout for the Jackdaws."

"If this is a rib," said Pete, "I ain't going to like it."

"It's no rib," said Doc Masters.

Pete looked at him. Then he threw his glove down.

"Hey, Charlie," he yelled. "I'm quitting for a while."

He walked over to the sidewall:, turned and faced the two scouts. "I'm listening," he said.

Silky talked so fast the words tumbled over each other.

"Look, Pete. The Penguins are in town. You sign up and we'll give you a tryout tomorrow morning. A real big-league tryout. I'll take you up to the park myself. We pay the best salaries in baseball."

Doc Masters laughed—a short derisive bark.

Silky said quickly: "I've a contract right here in my pocket. And I'll pay you a hundred dollars the minute you sign!"

"A hunnert bucks?" asked Pete.

"Yeah."

"What for?"

"Why"—Silky sounded surprised—"for signing. A bonus."

Pete nodded. He looked at Doc Masters. "And you?"

"You're not ready for big-league ball," said the Doc, "but you get a fair chance on a Jackdaw farm team. If you're as good as I think, you'll learn fast. Next spring you'll go South with the Jackdaws."

"No C note for signing?"

Doc took a deep breath. He knew that Silky was waiting for him to raise the ante. But the Doc saw a funny look in Pete's eyes and played a hunch. "No hundred," he said.

"Huh?" Silky's mouth popped open. Then he laughed until he was gasping. "Why, you piker! I didn't know the Jackdaws were that hard up."

Silky put a hand on Pete's arm. "I guess that settles it, Pete."

"Yeah," said Pete. "Beat it."

"What?" Silky saw the start of Doc's smile, and he reddened. "Are you crazy? My offer's better! What in—"

"Listen, mister." Pete glared down at Silky. "Whenever somebody hands out something for nothing I get the dirty end of the stick. All the time. Since I was a kid. In school, even. Once they lets me out early cause it's my birthday and the teacher's feeling good. I get my head handed to me on the way home. And then my old lady gives me another workout for fighting. Fine thing!"

"But look here—"

"Go on," said Pete. "Beat it! You're a jinx. A hunnert bucks for just signing a paper! Not me! The last time I fell for a gag like that, I near went to reform school. Guy gives me a sawbuck just to stand on the corner and whistle Annie Rooney."

"What happened?" asked the Doc.

"Jinxed again. I whistle Annie Rooney. A feller comes out of a saloon and walks up to me. 'I heard the signal,' he says. And then Joe Bighearted who handed me the sawbuck shoots this other feller dead in the back. Like I said—cops, trouble, the dirty end of the stick."

☆ DOC MASTERS glared at Silky. "Trying to jinx the kid, eh?"

"Yeah," said Pete. "Not me! No handouts!" He doubled up a fist and Silky did a quick fade. Pete scowled after him.

"Now, son," said the Doc, "suppose we have a little talk."

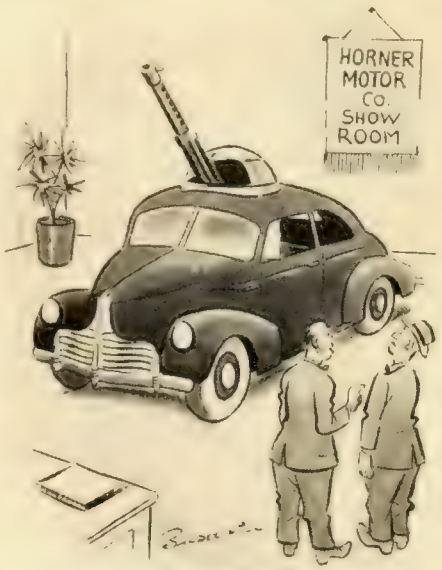
Before night Pete Barney was Jackdaw property, and two days later he was on his way West. Doc Masters played a long shot signing Pete at a glance, but the Doc had great faith in Silky Gill's judgment and he knew that Silky never offered a hundred dollars on anything but a sure thing.

Pete spent his first season in the Three I League, and a year with the Pacific Coast farm of the Jackdaws. Four years ago he started at first base for the Jackdaws, and he's been there ever since—batting number four, the clean-up slot. Every spring when Perry, the Jackdaw manager, figures out his squad, he puts down "Barney, 1b.," and goes on from there.

From the beginning Pete was a ballplayers' ballplayer. He made the hard plays look simple. Usually quiet, Pete's voice grated loudly when the going got tough. A relief pitcher would step on the mound with the sacks loaded and the game lost, and Pete would bellow: "Come on. Come on. These apes ain't got nothing!" Pete wanted to win them all.

Off the field, he was friendly but silent. Pete roomed with McPherson, the pitcher, and the legend was that the only sound in the room was when they both snored. But it was McPherson who fixed things when Pete poked a radio announcer who tried to give him a crate of Cracklies. Once it was explained that Cracklies paid off on every homer, Pete calmed down. A fair business exchange was O. K., but he didn't want any gifts.

After the Jackdaws beat off the late-season drive of the St. Louis



"The manufacturers made an error on this model—you can have it for a song!"

Rowdies, everybody thought the season was over. Doc Masters, who was handling the team because Perry was still recuperating from appendicitis, rested his pitchers and tried out rookies. The Jackdaw front office proudly ordered tickets printed for the club's second World Series in a row.

All the Jackdaws took it easy. They were mathematically certain of the pennant. The Rowdies, heartbroken, had completely collapsed, and the Pittsburgh Penguins, who had moved into second place, could win all their remaining games and still finish a game behind the Jackdaws. Not even the Pittsburgh papers paid any attention to the July game that the Penguins had protested.

The Penguins were always protesting some game or other and they'd practically worn out the carpet in the Commissioner's office. Late in July the Jackdaws had nosed out the Penguins by one run, stopping a rally with a close play at the plate. The whole thing hung on Umpire Koppelmayer's decision, and everybody knew Landis would stand by the umpire. And then Silky Gill dug up the man with the movie camera.

It was beautifully timed. On the last day of the season the Penguins produced a short film that showed the play in question. The Jackdaw catcher and a Penguin were all twisted together across home plate. The Jackdaw had his glove on the runner all right, but in the picture the ball was plainly visible—under the catcher's left leg.

The Jackdaws screamed foul. Durant, the catcher, took an oath he hadn't dropped the ball. The Penguins pointed smugly to the picture. Doc Masters swore that the ball had been painted on the film. Landis rebuked him for his language. Umpire Koppelmayer, a movie fan, reversed his decision. And the Commissioner ordered the game replayed.

That one game was the pennant. If the Penguins won they tied with the Jackdaws for the league lead, and that meant another play-off. The Penguins were hot, needled by a shot at the flag that they'd never expected. The Jackdaws were grim, worried over their sudden bad luck.

The game was set for the Jackdaw home park. It was a sellout and lots of Penguin rooters made the trip with their team. Doc Masters took no chances. He was sending onto the field the same Jackdaw club that would have started the Series. And for a pitcher he picked the Littleboy.

☆ THE Doc was watching infield practice when he heard the crowd behind him let out a roar. He turned. The Jackdaw rooters in the packed stands were on their feet, stamping and yelling. Doc Masters stared. A parade, led by a shiny bright blue automobile, was coming along the left-field foul line.

There were about two hundred men marching behind the automobile, and they were all carrying banners. Printed on the banners were slogans: "Pete Barney's Day." "A Benefit for Barney." "The Boys in Section 17 Salute Pete Barney."

"What the hell?" said Doc Masters.

The Jackdaws came in from the field and gathered around the Doc. A couple of them slapped Pete on the back. Pete glared at the paraders and gulped. His face had a strained look.

The crowd began to chant: "Barney! Barney! We want Barney!" The bright new automobile drew up behind home plate and stopped. A rosy-faced man leaped out, beaming. He rushed toward Pete and stuck out his hand. "Surprise!" shouted the man.

Pete put his hands behind him and backed away. "What goes?" he asked.

McPherson nudged him. "It's for you, dope."

Somebody set up a microphone and the rosy-faced man clutched it to his breast. The crowd quieted. "Fellow baseball lovers," said the man, his voice a tinny echo in the speaker system. "We all know Pete Barney. A wonderful first baseman and a fine fellow. We, his fans, wish to present him with a small token of our great

regard. On this most important day for Pete Barney and the Jackdaws, at this most important game, we offer this automobile. Our gift to Pete Barney!"

"No," said Pete. "No!"

But the crowd went wild again, and nobody heard him. Even the Penguins were applauding.

McPherson hauled Pete to the microphone. "Say something," he said.

"I don't want it," said Pete hoarsely. "I don't want it!"

The photographers shot some flash bulbs, and Pete ducked. Doc Masters was staring at Pete, remembering; but before the Doc could move, McPherson was yelling in Pete's ear.

"You can't do that," said McPherson in an offended Scotch burr. "That car must have cost fifteen hundred dollars. These people shelled out money for it. Say thanks, you big lug!"

Pete bit his lip. He said, "Thanks." The word blared from the speakers.

"Congratulations, Pete," said the umpire. "But break it up, boys. We've got to get this game started."

☆ WHILE the field was being cleared, Doc Masters watched McPherson lead Pete to the bench. Pete stumbled into the dugout and sat down as if he were sick.

"What's the matter, Pete?" asked the Doc.

McPherson answered: "He keeps saying the gift will jinx him." McPherson shrugged. "All left-handers are nuts. I wish somebody'd jinx me like that."

Doc turned and stared at the Penguin dugout. "I wonder," he said. "Pete—Pete, it's time to take the field."

Pete got up mechanically and walked out to first base. The crowd gave him another hand, and he tipped his cap. The Littleboy pranced out to the mound, slipped over a few warm-up throws, rubbed a little dirt on the new ball, and nodded.

"Up!" called the umpire.

It was evident at once that the Littleboy was on. He poured his smoke ball in. The first man went down swinging; the second popped to short; the third fouled out to the catcher. The Jackdaws came in grinning.

The Penguins sent Tarzan Preston to the pitcher's box. The crowd settled back. Preston went to work with the best knuckle ball in the business. The Jackdaws got nowhere—three up, three down.

With one away in the second, a Penguin rapped a slow roller down to short. The shortstop took it cleanly and whipped it over to first in plenty of time. But Pete dropped the ball!

Doc Masters jumped to his feet. He made a gargling noise in his throat.

The Jackdaw infield played back. They began to talk it up. "All right. All right!" "Get two." "Get two, Littleboy." There was no sound from first base. Pete let the runner take a surprising lead.

A sub on the Jackdaw bench said: "What's happened to Pete?"

The Littleboy wasn't ruffled. He pitched it just where he wanted it, and the batter topped the third pitch straight back to the box. It was labeled double play. The Littleboy pounced on the ball, pivoted, threw to second. The shortstop took the ball and got rid of it in one motion. It wasn't a perfect throw, but it was nothing to make a first baseman tear a ligament.

Pete muffed it. It bounced off his glove, and when it stopped rolling the Penguin batter was safe at second base.

The Littleboy took off his cap and scratched his head. He gazed at Pete, puzzled. The Penguins hooted at him; Silky Gill whistled. The Littleboy smiled. He struck out the last batter with four pitches.

Pete came in to the bench looking

"He was playing hide and go seek and got stuck!"

mournful. "I'm sorry, Littleboy," he said.

The Littleboy laughed. "No harm done."

Pete was the first Jackdaw at bat. He stood there, tense as a banjo string, and swung nervously. Tarzan struck him out.

Doc Masters was really worried. "Pete," he said, "you've got to snap out of it."

"It's the jinx," said Pete. "Something for nothing. Fine thing."

"Shut up," said Doc. "You're making everybody jumpy."

It was true. Ballplayers are the most superstitious athletes in sport, and the Jackdaws were wondering about Pete's errors. They were risking a pennant they'd really won, and Pete, the steadiest of them all, was coming loose at the seams.

The jitters began to spread. Pete made another error in the third inning, but it didn't cost a run. In the fourth Keefer, the shortstop, booted the ball and then threw to the wrong base. The Littleboy pitched his way out of that without a score, but he wasn't smiling any more.

As the Jackdaws got worse the Penguins looked better. Tarzan Preston kept mowing the batters down. Only the Penguin rooters were doing any cheering; the rest of the crowd sat in stunned silence. When Pete hit into a double play his second time at bat, there were a few boos.

Doc Masters tore a score card to pieces during the fifth inning, and started to chew on his hat in the sixth. Only the Littleboy's spectacular pitching was holding off the Penguins. It was a question of time. The Jackdaws looked like rank bushers; they couldn't hit, they couldn't field. Even the boys on the bench were glum, beaten.

The Littleboy cracked in the seventh and walked the first two batters. The Penguins sensed the kill; they made plenty of noise. The third Penguin lifted an easy fly into short right field. The Jackdaw out there juggled it, but he held it for the first out. And then Durant, an All-Star catcher, picked that spot for his only passed ball all season, and there were Penguins on second and third.

Doc Masters moaned. He looked out toward the bull pen where Williams was warming up, frowned, and shrugged. He left it to the Littleboy.

When the pinch is on, great pitchers work best, and the Littleboy proved it. He handed out a deliberate pass to fill the bases, and he struck out the next batter. For a minute it looked as if the Jackdaws might get by. But Tarzan Preston caught hold of one and drove it straight at Pete Barney.

All he had to do was stoop, but Pete let it go through his legs. Three Penguins clattered across the plate. Tarzan was out, trying to stretch it into a triple. But the damage was done. Penguins 3; Jackdaws 0.

There was a riot in the Penguin dugout. Players leaped up and down, danced, yelled. Doc Masters glanced over at them, sick. His eyes widened; he gaped. In a box just behind the Penguins, a fan was screaming with joy, throwing torn paper into the air. It was the rosy-faced man who had made the speech about Pete. As the Doc watched, Silky Gill came out of the dugout, looked into the stands, and waved. The rosy-faced man waved back.

☆ "HUH!" Doc Masters grunted. He strode over to the Penguin bench. He was right behind Silky when the latter cupped his hands and yelled to the rosy-faced man: "Worked! Worked like a charm!"

"What worked?" asked the Doc.

Silky turned. He grinned. "Oh, nothing, Doc. Nothing at all."

Doc's stare shifted from Silky to the still cheering rosy-faced man. Then he turned and stamped into the runway where Pete Barney's new car had been parked. There was a mechanic sitting on the bumper.

"Hey!" said Doc Masters. "You work for the people sold this car?"

The mechanic reddened. "Yeah," he said. "I figured nobody'd kick if I stayed and watched the game."

(Continued on page 57)

A memorable novel of war-torn 1941 flames into blazing action

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Tomorrow We March

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Author of Wings of Wrath, I Married a Nazi, etc.

☆ PHILIP LAYDEN, a young American whose father, now dead, was in the consular service in Czechoslovakia, is in Switzerland trying to help undermine Nazism. With some freedom-loving Swiss, Gustave Pagnol, a wood carver, and Emile and Jules Galatin, two young farmers, he prints a small pamphlet, Pour la Liberté, which is smuggled into occupied France. There are German agents in Switzerland to stop just this sort of thing, and Philip wonders if any live at his pension, Beau Soleil, now filled with a motley crew of various nationalities.

Most interesting of his fellow boarders is beautiful Lisa Abernathil, an Austrian refugee, but in spite of her attraction for him, Philip suspects that she is not what she seems. After a romantic scene on the pension balcony, where they meet one night when both are roused by the sound of fire engines, his doubts nearly vanish.

The next morning a cruel blow falls. He learns that last night's fire destroyed an abandoned chalet in the Rue des Cignes—the house in which was hidden the press on which Pour la Liberté was printed!

PART TWO—THE ENEMY SHOWS HIS HAND

☆ YEAR after year more than thirty cuckoo clocks ticked a maddening clamor on the walls of Gustave Pagnol's shop on the Rue Chambert. Their swinging pendulums gave you an impression of frenzied activity throughout the place. And yet it was a tranquil little store, pine-scented, full of dark wood and dark shadows. Gustave had worked in it so long that he gave no more attention to its sounds than to the beating of his heart.

This morning he sat on a stool at the end of the counter, frowning. In one hand he held a knife; in the other the unfinished bowl of a pipe which would eventually be a lion's head. If he forgot to carve, it was because the news of the fire on the Rue des Cignes made everything else seem trivial. It filled him with a sense of helplessness out of which he could not drag his spirits.

He tried to tell himself, *Enfin,* it is but a small and insignificant setback. It is important only to a few of us. But this attempt to minimize the defeat failed; he could not rid himself of the feeling of collapse. Had he been openly arrested for his share in the publication of Pour la Liberté —*eh bien,* he could have faced such a situation with pride. He would gladly have acknowledged the work he had done. But to have the whole enterprise dissolved by unknown German hands, secretly, leaving its supporters to flounder in confusion—this was worse than defeat; it was humiliation.

At eleven o'clock thirty-seven cocky wooden birds popped out of their doors to sing the time. Gustave hardly heard it. He sat motionless, the light of a small stained window coloring his bearded face. He remained like that until the door opened, and then he looked up to see Philip Layden enter the shop.

The old man started to rise; but, putting his crutch aside, he sank back as if he lacked the energy.

"I have been expecting you, Philip."

"I thought you would." With his hands in his jacket pockets, Philip peered at Gustave from under the brim of a felt hat. His lips were tight and the words that came through them were hushed. "Everything is destroyed, papa. I've just been to the Rue des Cignes."

"*Oui;* I have heard what happened."

"We face quite a problem. If they learned where the magazine was printed, they must also have learned who was printing it. We're probably being watched."

Gustave wearily nodded. "We are finished here, Philip. We are finished."

"In Geneva, yes."

"Everywhere in Switzerland. They have many eyes."

Philip glanced toward the rear of the shop. "Is Mama Pagnol there?"

"No. I have sent her to Celigny for a few days. To her sister's. It will be better."

There was no need to explain. Philip realized, as did the old man, that if the Germans were aware of Gustave Pagnol's connection with the printing press they would probably decide to teach him a punitive lesson by destroying his store. Such things had been done before. A fire at night; a bomb tossed through a window—anything to discourage further anti-Nazi acts.

"What about yourself?" Philip asked.

"I'm going to stay. *Parbleu,* I can't simply abandon the place to them. I am not *that* badly frightened!"

"Suppose I ask Emile to come here. He can watch while you sleep."

"No. He and Jules will have their own farm to watch now."

They were silent a moment, and the clocks ticked loudly. Then Philip Layden went to the old man's stool at the end of the counter. In the shadows his lean face looked pale; the deep-set eyes were full of understanding; of bitterness, too.

"I'm sorry it came to this, papa."

Gustave harshly replied, "In a world where nations are betrayed, we should have expected a printing press to be betrayed, too. But I ask myself—who betrayed us?"

"Most likely one of us was followed to the chalet. Probably I."

"You? I am easier to follow, with my crutch."

Philip pointed out, "There was no reason for any one to follow you, papa. You've been going about your affairs in a normal way. So have Jules and Emile. But I—I'm a foreigner. True, I'm supposed to represent American importers of linens. But are linens important enough to keep me in Switzerland at such a time? . . . It must have made some one wonder."

"Well, ye-es. That may be."

When he considered the people who might have been puzzled by his presence in Geneva, Philip's mind darted first to the strange international group of boarders at the Pension Beau Soleil. The timid birdlike Mlle. Albine, always smiling, always nervously eager to please. The corpulent and testy Signor Cisti with the silent little wife he dominated. The inscrutable Bulgarian Mezzeks. All the rest of them. He had often felt their eyes follow him as he passed—eyes that were speculative, faintly troubled. And he could not exclude Lisa Abernathil, either.

Thinking of Lisa made something tighten in his throat. He could still

feel the softness of her body in his arms. He could still taste the warmth and sweetness of her lips. To place her in the same category as the others was difficult, almost impossible. Even to suspect her was a kind of treason to his emotions, and it roused a protest in him. Yet there was this to remember: During the past four weeks Lisa had been closer to him and more interested in him than had any one else. . . .

Gustave Pagnol gruffly interrupted his musings. "*Eh bien,* what has happened has happened. We cannot change it by brooding. What do you propose to do tonight about the magazines?"

"Deliver them, of course."

"But, *parbleu,* if you are being watched, they'll never let you get across!"

"I'll have to risk it." He paused, then added, "When I'm finished with the magazines, I'm going to Marseilles. London is well represented in Marseilles. I'll try to get enough money for another press."

Gustave seemed dubious about this, too. "You'll have your troubles. Even if you succeed, there will still be the problem of where to resume printing. It will be useless to try again in Switzerland."

"We'll find a way." Philip tried to sound confident. "The main thing now is to raise the money." He forced a smile that felt queerly stiff and offered his hand. "Meanwhile, papa—*au revoir.*"

The old man gazed at the hand as though he hesitated to accept its finality. When at last his own fingers reached out, they trembled slightly.

"You—you will let me know what luck you have?"

"Of course."

"Then—" He squeezed Philip's hand with sudden fierceness. His voice thickened. "*Au revoir et bonne chance!* They cannot win a war by burning a little press!" . . .

☆ AS he walked toward the Pension Beau Soleil, Philip felt oddly shaken. He fixed his eyes on distant green hills and thought of the wood carver with strange affection. Much of Europe's future, he sometimes believed, lay in the keeping of stanch old people like Gustave Pagnol. They were the symbols of a day in which dignity and culture and graciousness had still held a place in the world. In their hearts these decencies of civilization would be cherished; would be kept bright and vital until they could be restored. . . .

There was no way of guessing when he might again see Gustave Pagnol. The uncertainty brought him a peculiar ache. As his memory drifted over the long months of their association, he couldn't help recalling the first night they had discussed Pour la Liberté. They had sat over a bottle of wine in the room behind Gustave's shop. Philip had made quite a speech.

"Every time we send five thousand copies into Nazi-occupied France," he had said, "it will be like sending five thousand secret agents to spread a message of hope and courage."

Gustave had smiled. "Five thousand little fifth columnists to work in our behalf—is that it?"

"Fifth columnists working for freedom instead of for oppression! When it comes to that, we ought to be sending *real* fifth columnists into Germany. Why not? Why don't we learn to fight fire with fire? To use the same weapons the Nazis use—and the Communists too, for that matter? The Communists showed us the value of secret infiltration into opposing groups, the strength that can be gained by getting men into key positions. We must learn to do that, too. Our armies know how to duplicate each other's military weapons. Why can't they learn to duplicate methods of politics and propaganda and underground warfare, too? In this war—a war to save ourselves from enslavement—we can't afford to ignore any weapon, as long as we can put it to use in the cause of freedom."

"You have ideas," Gustave had said slowly, nodding. And from that evening they had worked together. . . .

Now, as he came in sight of the Pension Beau Soleil, Philip put the memories aside. His mind groped ahead, uneasily, to Lisa Abernathil.

He had a tense desire to speak to Lisa again. To seek, deep in her eyes, either corroboration or denial of the thing he was so unwilling to suspect. It was hard to visualize her trailing him through the streets, in darkness, to the chalet on the Rue des Cignes. He wanted desperately to repudiate the idea.

When he reached the pension, most of the guests were in the garden, awaiting lunch. Gaunt Arturo Gomez sat under a tree, reading a newspaper with his apéritif. Signor Cisti sprawled far back in a chair, eyes closed against the sunshine, fat legs outstretched, apparently dozing while his wife crocheted. And Mlle. Albine bent over the rosebushes, cupping flowers in her hands and smelling them like an insect going from rose to rose.

Lisa, however, wasn't there.

As Philip mounted the porch steps, Yvette came out of the door. She carried two water pitchers, and she gave him a radiant smile.

"*Déjeuner* in ten minutes, monsieur!"

Philip nodded. He would have entered, but he paused to ask, "Have you seen Fräulein Abernathil, Yvette?"

The maid's eyes widened. "But did you not know, monsieur? Fräulein Abernathil is gone. She left early this morning. Before eight."

Philip fought off a sense of confusion, of downright dismay. "You—you don't mean for good?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur.* Auguste drove her and her baggage to the station."

☆ THE train had almost reached Basel before the bald man with the pince-nez stepped out of the compartment. He had passed the last hour in covertly admiring the contours of Lisa Abernathil's figure; in studying her profile while she gazed through the window at the wonders of the Alps; in contemplating her crossed legs below the skirt of a gray traveling suit.

But now he left, wiping a handkerchief over the back of his neck. And when he had shut the compartment door, Lisa ceased looking through the window; Fritz Lauber, opposite her, stopped pretending to be asleep. The stocky man straightened with a scowl.

"I thought the fool would never get out," he muttered.

☆ LISA looked at him uncertainly. The pouches under his eyes were more pronounced than ever. His whole flabby face seemed tired. They had sat down in the compartment in the manner of strangers, and because of the bald man's presence they hadn't yet been able to talk.

"Are you traveling to Berlin with me?" Lisa asked, puzzled.

"No; I go only as far as Basel. There I put you into the hands of Werner Kollhaus. He will arrange for you to cross the border without difficulties."

"I see."

"Herr Gestel wishes you to cross as inconspicuously as possible. In the company of Werner Kollhaus you will have no trouble. Once you are over the border, of course you will proceed to Berlin. There you will receive further orders."

Lisa nodded. As she looked out of the speeding window toward a herd of goats in pasture, she felt Fritz Lauber's eyes fixed on her in a penetrating way.

"Now tell me," he said after a long pause, "about last night."

If Lisa's muscles stiffened, Lauber could not have been aware of it.

"Why," he demanded, "did you set fire to the chalet?"

She turned to him in amazement. It had been her intention to deny any responsibility for the fire, but she saw now that such a thing would be useless. Her heart raced. She had to find a new defense; and she needed time.

Lisa managed a smile of startled admiration. "So you already know," she whispered. "But that is remarkable."

"It is not remarkable at all. Yesterday you did not know how many men were involved in the matter of the press. It was important for us to have that information. Herr Gestel stationed two observers in the cemetery, where they could be hidden and watch the chalet all night. After the printers left the house, you appeared. You went inside. A few moments later the place was in flames. . . . You realize, Fräulein, that you acted without orders?"

"And is that why you are traveling with me? Is that why I am to be turned over to another man? Because Herr Gestel doesn't trust me?"

"You put it very clearly."

Though Lauber studied her face with a kind of clinical intensity, Lisa Abernathil did not permit herself to

look trapped. Perhaps she was pale, but she sat quite calm. She spoke firmly, yet with a certain hint of mockery, too, as though Herr Gestel's suspicions were childish and amusing.

"Before I came to Geneva," she said, "I was warned that in our kind of work there would be emergencies when we must use our intelligence, our judgment, without awaiting orders. That is what I did in setting fire to the chalet."

"I do not follow you, Fräulein. What emergency was there?"

"Philip Layden's room at the pension was next to mine. When our balcony doors were open, I could hear him very clearly."

"*Also?*"

"Last night, before he left for the chalet, he had a visitor. I couldn't see the man but I could hear his voice. They spoke of moving the press to a safer place—somewhere in the mountains. The visitor said he would have his truck in the Rue des Cignes at five o'clock in the morning. They didn't say where they planned to take the press; and I didn't know how we could follow the truck into the mountains without being seen. But this I did know: If we allowed them to take the press away, we might lose it entirely. It had to be destroyed last night."

Lauber was surprised, clearly bewildered. "Why didn't you report to Herr Gestel?"

"Because in the next room the men were already leaving. They spoke of going to talk to the others. I saw an opportunity of learning who the others were if I followed at once. I couldn't take the time then to communicate with Herr Gestel."

"*So . . .*"

"I followed them to the chalet. Of course I had no way of knowing that Herr Gestel had other observers hidden in the cemetery. So I waited to see who would enter or leave the house. That was when the thought came to me that I could easily destroy the place myself—without taking valuable time to run off and report to Herr Gestel then. . . . Your observers told you the rest."

☆ WHEN she finished, Fritz Lauber sat silent. Whether or not he believed her, she could not decide. His expression told her nothing. He groped in a pocket, brought out a tobacco pouch, and began to fill a pipe.

"Herr Gestel," he said presently, "thought perhaps you set fire to the chalet to prevent us from bombing it."

"Why should I have done that?"

"He feels women sometimes do impulsive things—when their emotions are involved."

"I've already told you no emotions were involved in this."

"Yes, I remember. So you told me yesterday. *Gewiss. . . .*"

The compartment door slid open then and the bald man returned. As he sat down, adjusting his pince-nez, he gave Lisa Abernathil a fatuous smile. She turned impassively to the window as if unaware of his presence; and his smile faded in disappointment.

They were rolling into the outskirts of Basel now. Lisa still sat tense, wondering if she had made the stocky man accept her story. There was no way of knowing. He was complacent, gazing with bored eyes at the houses they passed.

☆ AT ten o'clock that evening Philip Layden slipped into the driver's seat of the Galatin milk truck. He waited, resting his arms on the wheel, while Emile poured water into the radiator. A brilliant moon hung over the mountains, and in its light his face looked hard—so unusually hard that more than once Emile gave him a worried glance.

This, Philip realized, would probably be the last time he carried copies of Pour la Liberté to the border from the Galatin farm. He could not forget

"I oughta raise your salary for this idea!"

Gustave Pagnol's harsh prophecy, "We are finished here," and he had to recognize its truth.

Another thing gnawed at him, too—the abrupt departure, that morning, of Lisa Abernathil. First it had bewildered him, and then it had stung him with anger and disillusionment. The mood of bitterness had been upon him all day.

Emile finally screwed on the radiator cap. "*Bien,*" he said. "You can start."

Philip Layden did not reply. He reached for the switch. As always on these drives he wore the casual work clothes of a farmer—a gray flannel shirt, old trousers, heavy shoes.

When he started the motor, Jules Galatin unexpectedly climbed into the seat beside him. Jules held two iron bars, each a foot long.

"I'll go too," he said.

Philip looked at him narrowly. "It isn't necessary."

"I hope not. But after what happened last night, anything is possible." Jules put the iron bars on the floor. "If we have to fight, we can use these."

"You'd do better to watch your farm tonight."

"Emile can do that—Emile and the hired man. . . . Let's start."

There were times when the quiet courage of men like Jules and Emile and Gustave made Philip Layden feel humble. This was the kind of valor no enemy could crush.

"I won't let you cross the border," he said. "It's foolish to risk two where one will do."

"Very well. I won't cross the border. I'll go only as far as my uncle's farm."

So they drove off while Emile lifted his hand and called an encouraging "*Bonne chance!*"

For a time Jules looked back at his brother standing there in moonlight. He started to raise an arm but dropped it. Perhaps he was wondering if the German agents in Geneva would pay the farm a visit tonight. He swallowed. Suddenly he turned forward in the seat and kept his head averted. Philip didn't attempt to talk to him then.

In the bright moonlight, revealing the valley road far ahead, the headlights were hardly needed. The truck rode easily, eight milk cans rattling on it. The five nearest the back were empty. Those were most likely to be examined if the truck was stopped, and you could always explain, "We're getting milk for the morning market at Geneva." Of course, three of the cans contained sacks filled with copies of Pour la Liberté. And under the seat, hidden by burlap bags, lay a valise stuffed with Philip's clothes. You had to hope these things would not be discovered.

☆ BY the time they had traveled a mile Jules was calm again. He tilted back his head to study the skies. "There are clouds coming over the mountains," he said. "If we're in luck they'll hide the moon before you cross over. My uncle says the Nazis have put more patrols on the border."

"A few more patrols," Philip answered dryly, "and it will be a massing of troops."

"But not for an invasion. Ah, no. They'll never invade Switzerland." Jules searched his pockets for a cigarette. "Always they have to keep one neutral spot in Europe, you know—where the traitors of both sides can meet to exchange information." He found a cigarette and lit it behind cupped hands. Then, as the wind whipped smoke over his shoulder, he drew a deep breath. He felt better. His thin face regained some of its usual sardonic humor. "A lot of things happen in Geneva that the League of Nations never planned."

Philip muttered, "Look back, Jules. Any cars?"

Jules Galatin turned. They were on a long straight stretch of highway, driving fast.

"No," he said. "So far, nothing."

Philip nodded. He had taken every conceivable precaution against being followed tonight. In the afternoon, after listening to the Churchill speech, he had packed the valise and caught a train to Lausanne. There he had

boarded a return bus as far as Nyon. From Nyon there had been a taxi to Genthod; another taxi to the outlying districts of Geneva; and finally a two-mile walk in darkness, across fields, to the Galatin farm on the St. Genis road. Yet, if the farm had been under surveillance, it was still important to watch the highway. . . .

Peering back, Jules said softly, "It would be a pity to have anything spoil this final trip—and perhaps your journey to Marseilles." He watched the road in silence a few seconds. "There are rumors that Paul Ravineau is in Marseilles. Incognito. . . . It's ironic, *n'est-ce pas,* that a former French Premier must hide when he visits his own country?"

"That's one of the tragedies of France," Philip said grimly—"that her greatest patriots are in exile when she needs them most. The de Gaulles, the Ravineaux—these are outside the borders. The Lavals and the Darlans remain inside. One of these days, Jules, that will be corrected."

"You are a great optimist."

"One has to be an optimist. The pessimists are admitting defeat. At heart you're an optimist yourself."

"Am I?" Jules smiled cynically at the glow of his cigarette. "I'm not so sure. Sometimes I ask myself what we're really accomplishing. With our little magazine, for example."

"We're rousing a hundred and fifty thousand readers to take part in a world-wide anti-Nazi crusade."

"*Oui, c'est possible.* And yet, when I look at our efforts with that little journal of ours, I ask myself if we are not pygmies trying to bring down a giant elephant."

"Has it occurred to you, Jules, that though the pygmies and the elephants occupy the same region, the pygmies are the masters? True, an elephant bull can destroy a whole pygmy village; he can kill twenty little men with a single sweep of his trunk. Still, the pygmies have learned to defeat him. By working together; by cleverness; by persistence. They dig pits. Eventually the elephant falls into one. And once in the pit, the biggest of the bulls is helpless and defeated."

"Very pleasant reasoning," chuckled Jules. "But I'm afraid the Nazis have better brains than the elephants."

"And we have better brains than the pygmies."

☆ TO avoid driving through towns, they swung into a side road and started up a long twining hill. There were no overwhelming mountains here—no Matterhorns, no Jungfraus—but the country was difficult enough to make the truck struggle.

Toward the summit of the hill the truck began to chug. It was here that Jules, still watching the road behind, suddenly stiffened.

"A car's coming," he said.

Philip, too, straightened. They had encountered cars on the main highway; but to be followed into this side road was a different matter. "How far behind?" he asked.

"A kilometer—perhaps less." Jules peered intently. "It is coming very fast."

"All right."

There was a curious note of grimness in Philip's voice. When the truck reached the top of the hill and found a level stretch, he pulled to the side of the road. Where he stopped there were masses of berry bushes hidden in the shadows of pines.

"Take one of the bars and get behind the bushes," he said.

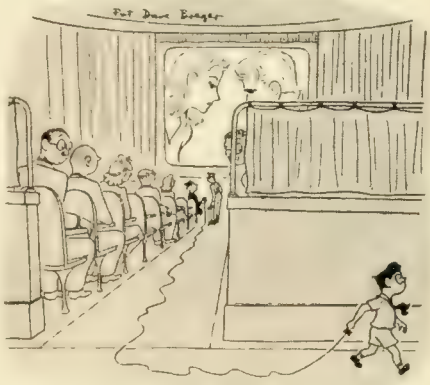
Jules nodded. With an iron bar in his grasp, he sprang to the ground, pushed through a bush, and bent low behind it. Philip, meanwhile, put the other bar on the seat. He waited.

To attempt to outrun a fast car was useless. It was better to meet trouble under conditions of his own choosing. If the other car merely passed, nothing would be lost by these precautions.

"I was afraid," Jules whispered behind the bush, "that things were going too well."

"It may be nothing. If we were being followed, we would have known it long ago."

"Not if the farm was being watched



"I want to be sure Junior will return safely."

by men who had to run back a kilometer or so to get an automobile."

Two dazzling headlights stabbed the darkness as the car came over the summit of the hill. There was a powerful roar behind Philip. He turned his head, but the lights blinded him. The car passed. He thought for an instant that it would race on.

Then brakes screeched. The black sedan swerved to the side of the road some fifty yards ahead of the truck. Two men stepped out of it. As Philip reached for the iron bar, there was a strange stiffness in him. A sense of coldness.

The men were walking back toward the truck now—men of medium height, one of them heavy, the other slightly round-shouldered. Philip saw that they kept their hands in their pockets. His hold on the bar tightened.

The two men stopped beside him, squinted up at him with peculiar intensity.

"Trouble with your motor, monsieur?"

"No," said Philip. He noticed something wrong with the man's accent. It was too guttural to be French or Swiss. He added, "I'm cooling it after that climb."

"Ah, *so.*" The heavy man glanced at the cans. "What are you carrying?"

"Does it matter?"

"Very much." He pushed his companion. "Go look into the cans."

"One moment!" Philip started out of the truck. Then he checked the movement. The heavy man had taken his hand from his pocket. It held a Mauser and he pointed the weapon at Philip quite impassively.

"You will remain where you are."

Philip's lips drew back against his teeth. Without turning his head he could see the round-shouldered man climb to the rear of the truck.

That was when Jules rose behind the berry bush, quietly, like a djin materializing out of darkness, his arm raised. He had no need to take a forward step. He swung the iron bar with all his strength, and it cracked squarely on the heavy man's skull.

The man didn't even groan. Philip saw his eyes shut in agony. As his legs collapsed, the Mauser slipped out of his hand. He fell limply into the bushes.

The round-shouldered one on the truck looked around with a rush of panic. What he saw momentarily paralyzed him. Then his hand darted to his pocket. He jumped down to the road. His narrow face looked white and scared as he drew an automatic.

☆ JULES came plunging through the berry bushes. Philip jumped out of the truck. He rushed at the round-shouldered man. The fellow's gun was already rising, and he was retreating, and there was still a matter of ten feet between them.

In desperation Philip threw his bar. It struck the German on the chin.

He reeled back from the blow. Perhaps his fingers convulsed on the trigger, because a bullet went flying into the road. By that time Jules reached him. He swung the bar, and the man dropped senseless.

A little awed, a little dazed, Philip and Jules Galatin looked around at what they had done; then looked at each other.

"*Dieu!*" whispered Jules, breathless. "It went fast, no?"

"Very fast. . . . It's good you came along tonight."

"That first one—he has a head like a rock. It is possible I killed him, Philip."

But when they bent over the thick-set figure in the bushes, he was breathing; and there was no blood on his head.

Jules looked relieved. He pulled a hand across his forehead as he watched Philip pick up one of the Mausers.

"We *could* take them to the police," he urged. "We could say, with complete truth, that they held us up!"

"And give them an opportunity to speak of the magazine? No, Jules. We can't become involved like that tonight. Wait."

He went up the road to the sedan. There he bent to shoot a bullet into each back tire. With that finished, he lifted the hood and used the heel of the gun to smash what he could of the

carburetor. When he returned to the truck, he said, "Let's pull that other one into the bushes, too. They'll come to by and by. We can continue."

As they picked up the round-shouldered man, Jules was pale. He muttered, "I give you my word, Philip, I—I never knew myself capable of such things."

Philip couldn't help smiling faintly at that note of honest naïveté. "Maybe it proves," he said, "that our capabilities generally depend on what we have to do."

They dropped the limp figure into a bed of bushes, and Jules, shuddering slightly, rubbed his hands on his trousers as if to cleanse them of the feel of the man. Then they turned back to the truck.

"While you were busy with their car," Jules said, "I went through their pockets. They carried German passports. I took them. I took the other Mauser, too."

Philip nodded as he slid in behind the wheel. "Hang on to it," he advised quietly. "You may have to use it if those two come around to your house. You're in the war now, Jules!"

☆ THE farm of Jules' uncle, Guillaume Cri, stood half a mile from the French border, not far south of Le Noirmont. The milk truck chugged up to its barn shortly before midnight.

Guillaume Cri was waiting—a rugged, broad-shouldered, somewhat saturnine man of fifty, with legs too short for his massive torso. He had a fine graying mustache and he smelled faintly of cheese. When Philip and Jules dismounted from the truck, he came out of the barn, drawing a small wagon that rolled on heavy-tired bicycle wheels.

"You're late," he observed.

They told him why, and his brows rose and he stared from one of them to the other. But there was scant time to talk. On the other side of the border three men were waiting in a grotto to receive the magazines.

Philip climbed to the back of the truck, dragged the bags out of the milk cans, and passed them down to Jules. They were stacked into the small wagon and covered by a sheet of black tarpaulin.

There was no parting ceremony save a few terse words and a wave of the hand. Then Philip walked off across Guillaume Cri's pastures, pulling the wagon behind him. It was well oiled and it rolled smoothly, without squeaks even on bumps.

He strode toward a patch of forest beyond the pasture. Now that the moon was behind clouds, it was quite dark. But the tops of the trees were starkly silhouetted against the sky, and two towering pines served as a landmark. Between them he found a narrow trail. He went into it tensely, every nerve alert, dragging the wagon.

Exactly at what point of the trail France began, he had never discovered. "When you have walked five minutes," Guillaume Cri had assured him, "you are in it. Then watch."

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Fish Farming
THESE SCIENTIFIC HATCHING JARS CONTAIN MILLIONS OF FISH EGGS FOR RESTOCKING WISCONSIN LAKES
NO CHANCE TO GET A BITE HERE, THOUGH— EH, JUDGE?
NO MORE THAN IN THIS SMOOTH, MILD PRINCE ALBERT
AT WISCONSIN'S AMAZING FISH HATCHERIES
DID YOU KNOW THAT A FISH USUALLY STAYS JUST AS COOL AS THE WATER IT'S IN?
NO— BUT I KNOW WHAT COOLER-BURNING TOBACCO DOES FOR MILDER SMOKING!
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— COOLEST OF ALL!
THOSE MEN ARE NETTING THE MATURE FISH FOR SPAWNING MILLIONS OF SMALL FRY NEEDED EACH YEAR
I GUESS THEY'D BETTER START SPAWNING MORE WORMS, TOO. EH, JUDGE?
DAD'S QUITE A FISHERMAN, YOU KNOW— HE'S EVEN USED THE TOP OF A P.A. TIN FOR A LURE
WELL, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY HE'D GET A BITE WITH THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
JOE HERE CAN TIE A FLY AS FAST AS I CAN PACK UP A PIPE
GREAT HOW P.A. PACKS AND DRAWS— SO EVEN. AND SAY, THERE'S SO MUCH GOOD TASTE WITH SUCH MILDNESS!
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH PRINCE ALBERT IN ROLLED SMOKES, TOO. FAST, EASY, SMOOTH— LIGHT ON THE TONGUE— YET PLENTY OF RICHNESS!
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

So from now on, he knew, he could expect to meet a Nazi patrol.

Every fifty paces he stopped to listen. Once, a few months ago, he had heard voices here. He had been forced to pull the wagon in among the trees, and presently ten German soldiers had filed by on the trail within a few yards of him, while he stood crushed against a trunk, holding his breath.

Now, whenever he paused, he could hear the wind in the branches above him. But there were no sounds of steps, no voices.

Not that such silence meant much. There might always be a soldier or two stationed to guard the trail. He had to proceed cautiously even in the silence.

The path began to wind down a hill. Here he had to hold the wagon in check. It pressed against him as though to hurry him on, and once or twice he stumbled. Without moonlight to filter through the branches he could scarcely see the trail. He kept one hand outstretched in the darkness, feeling for trees.

The path kept winding down, ever down. As he followed it, still pausing every few steps, he tried not to think. He didn't want to think now. It was too dangerous. You had to concentrate on possible sounds. And yet there were some thoughts, like vicious little devils, that kept prodding their tridents into the back of his mind. They had been tormenting him all day, and he had been unable to escape them. Little devils persistently reminding him of Lisa Abernathil.

Why had she run away immediately after the fire—and without even a word, without a gesture of farewell? Was it because, once the press had been destroyed, her work with him was finished? When he remembered how he had kissed her on the balcony, he felt like a fool. She must have been laughing at him even while he crushed her in his arms. . . . Well, he could take it as a lesson—a bitter lesson but one never to be forgotten. A man doing his type of work couldn't permit himself the luxury of romance. Not even with some one like Lisa Abernathil. He'd had to pay with the printing press, and perhaps with the safety of his friends, to learn that. He didn't intend to make the same mistake again, ever. . . .

It took him almost an hour to reach the grotto—a small hollow canopied by trees. When he entered it, at the bottom of the path, he saw nobody. The spot was as hushed as the trail itself. That was to be expected.

He stopped in the center of the clearing and whispered, "*Bien. C'est moi!*"

Almost instantly he heard stirrings. He saw three shadows slip out of the forest and converge toward him. The nearest had the rolling, familiar gait of tall Victor Carteau.

They shook hands. Carteau looked down at the wagon, and Philip began to ask about his mother. But at that instant he stopped, staring. A fourth figure was emerging from the trees.

"Who's that?"

Carteau turned to wave. "Come here."

At first Philip thought it was a boy—a slim straight boy in dark trousers and a dark shirt. But when the figure came close to him and he could distinguish the face, he caught his breath.

"Mignon!"

"*Oui,* Philip," she said quietly.

He stared at her. The last time he had seen this slender, reckless, and always defiant Mignon Gaudin had been at his mother's home in Gardenois. She had sung Musette's Waltz from La Bohème to his own accompaniment on the piano—to cover the sounds of a forbidden radio.

He whispered, "What the devil are *you* doing here? This is no job for a girl!"

"I didn't come to carry magazines. I'm crossing the border with you."

He couldn't believe it.

"You must help me," she said simply. "I have no passport and I've got to get out of France. Now! Tonight."

"Why?"

"I killed a Nazi officer."

Has Mignon been followed by the Nazis? Will her presence endanger Philip? If they get back into Switzerland can they safely remain there under the eyes of German agents? Follow their perilous adventures in next week's thrilling chapter!

HOW I WAS CAPTURED IN THE BATTLE OF DAMASCUS—Continued from Page 19

I agreed with him. We hated to do it, and so did the Frenchman. But we had no weapons—and only now did we discover we had no white flag, either. We were dressed in khaki and none of us had a white handkerchief. Then Ken remembered he had on a white undershirt. The three of us worked for five minutes trying to tear it off him without sitting up. Finally we managed to yank out a piece large enough and tied it to the rifle.

I hoisted it aloft. The burst of fire over our heads almost jerked the rifle out of my hands.

"What do you think of that?" I said to Ken.

"Never mind. Just keep on waving it. They'll stop shooting."

But they continued firing at it for the next five minutes until I thought my arms would break.

"You'd better look and see what that tank is doing," Ken said finally.

Somebody had to do it. I slowly raised my head to the road level and then dropped back. "The tank is fifty yards away and coming for us," I reported.

Ken had the answer for that, too: "Well, pal, get that white flag waving again."

I started waving the rifle again. As the groaning of the tank got louder and louder, he lent a hand and helped me. Then for the first time I thought we were finished. If they intended to allow us to surrender, they would have stopped firing by now. The tank is going to roll over this culvert, and as it passes they're going to toss a hand grenade down here, I thought. My mouth was dry and my throat was parched. The tank was almost directly above us. We flattened ourselves flatter than ever and waited. "This—is—it," I said to myself and waited for the blinding flash. But there was none. The tank rolled on over the culvert and down the road, and we took a deep breath.

I looked up. The tank was on its way back. The next thing we knew, about ten Circassian gendarmes were swarming all round us. With the aid of their rifles, they suggested we put our hands up, and we stepped up onto the road.

Two French officers climbed out of the tank. Ken walked up and started talking to one of them while I looked around to see what had happened to the rest of our party. Of fifteen of us, nine were dead, two seriously wounded, one had escaped, and three were captured. It had taken thirty-five minutes for sixteen machine guns and a tank to do the job.

Ken came back with one of the French officers.

"Bob, I want you to meet Captain Degatin. I know him. The last time I saw him was up in the Ardennes during the big battle about a year ago."

The captain smiled and said how sorry he was. So I shook hands with him. I thought, The next time I meet you, pal, I want to be sitting in the tank.

"I am sorry, but now you are prisoners of war," he said. "You will be taken to a military prison in town."

I looked at Downs and said, "I wonder if they'll let you file a story from jail."

The captain smiled again. "I doubt it," he said. . . .

So this was Damascus, holy city and capital of the Arab world, one of the greatest cities in all Asia. All we could see of it from the inside of the armored car which was acting as our Black Maria could have been put on a post card. We weren't on a sightseeing trip anyway, as one of our guards pointed out. We stopped in front of a large white building on the main street. A large Tricolor hung over the door. "This looks strangely like jail to me," said Downs.

It was a jail—and, next day, the Vichy French whisked prisoner-of-war Robert Low out of it and out of Damascus, under fire from the British guns. . . . But he himself will tell you all the rest of this matchless personal war story of his in Liberty next week!

Champ or Chump?

BY JACK DEMPSEY

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

Will Kovacs win?—A brisk and penetrating look at today's tennis

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ Our national tennis championships are coming up at Forest Hills on Long Island, starting August 30, and if you've been reading the papers you know that a national tennis championship of the first grade is rare these days in a war-torn world.

The main question that seems to be posed by the historic court feature this year doesn't seem to be *who* will win, but rather whether a certain player will make a champ or a chump out of himself—that player being the colorful, unpredictable, yet brilliant Frank Kovacs. But of this later.

Ours is the only one of the four great championships that hasn't closed down because of the war, and Forest Hills may go out of the championship business for the duration after this year. Uncle Sam has already reached out to grab a few of the boys, including former intercollegiate champion Frank Guernsey, Wilmer Allison, former men's national champion, and Hal Surface. Joe Hunt, the present intercollegiate champion, is in the Naval Academy and, as these lines are written, an uncertain starter at Forest Hills.

The girls will all be out in force, and that's something to clap hands for. With dozens of cuties cavorting in shorts and whacking the ball with plenty of muscle as well as grace and skill, we'll find a trip to Forest Hills worth the tariff.

Alice Marble, the golden girl with the million-dollar figure, won't be on hand, and that's cause for regret, because Alice is not only a great player but she has all the allure of the third-from-the-middle number in the front line of a Ziegfeld chorus. Mary Hardwick, Britain's contribution to the tennis blondes, likewise will be missing. Alice and Mary went professional after last year's championship. Losing them hurts the women's tournament, but there are plenty of good players left.

There's red-haired Pauline Betz, as full of fight as a Kilkenny cat. I'd say she has as good a chance of coming through to the title with her mannish style of attack as anybody in the field.

There's Helen Jacobs, who spent most of her best years playing second fiddle to Helen Wills Moody, finally beat Helen the First in 1933 and won the title four years in a row. Helen the Second isn't as young as most of the other players, but she's got more brains than the rest of them, she has a chop that breaks up their more stylish strokes, and how she does stick in a fight!

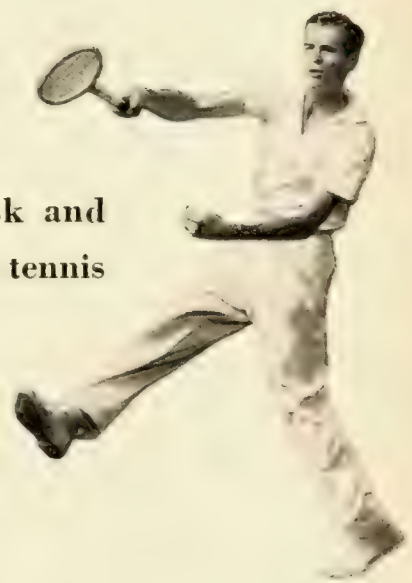
There's chunky Dodo Bundy, daughter of May Sutton Bundy, the first American to win at Wimbledon. Dodo hits the ball solidly in the middle of her racket with all her heftiness behind the stroke, and she has a squeal and sunny smile that go over big with the gallery, but I'm afraid she doesn't get around the court fast enough to be a champion.

Then we've got Sarah Palfrey Cooke. "Squibs" is the name her friends know her by, and no one in tennis has more real friends than petite Sarah. This year she looks to be a dangerous challenger for the crown that she was runner-up for twice.

Then there's lovely Virginia Wolfenden and peaches-and-cream Pat Canning, both fine tennis players with a Class A rating in the Pulchritude Stakes. Don't overlook Hope Knowles, a Philadelphia beauty, or Helen Bernhard, Mary Arnold, Margaret Osborne, Doris Hart, and the blonde newcomer from the girls' ranks—Louise Brough.

I'd say we have more good players today in the men's championship than we ever had before. They'll be on view this year—except for those in service—and let's look them over.

Because he is the champion, we'll first look at Don McNeill. There's no fuss or feathers to this blond twenty-three-year-old clean-cut Oklahoman.



He's strictly on the level and all business, a sportsman to the core who goes out every time and plays his game up to the hilt without any play to the grandstand. He was pretty nearly unbeatable in 1940, winning the national title on grass and clay, the intercollegiates, and the Newport and Southampton classics. Don had a poor season on clay this year, losing week after week; but he will be tough to take in the defense of his crown on grass. Still, I don't think he is a sure thing by any means. There is one man in particular whom I regard as a real threat to him, and that brings us to one of the most colorful characters in all sport, Frank Kovacs of Oakland, California.

Frank arrived at his majority last December and maybe he's old enough now to know better. You remember the sit-down strike he put on at Forest Hills a year ago with midshipman Joe Hunt in the quarter-finals of the national championship. That was just one of numerous episodes that gave Frank a laugh during the season, and laughs to him mean more than victories. At least, they used to.

Tennis has never seen anything quite like young Kovacs. He can do things with a racket and a ball that border on magic. He can make shots that Tilden couldn't make. If there is such a thing as a tennis freak, here he is—a truly great player and an incorrigible clown.

Frank's record on grass courts last year showed that he beat Bobby Riggs, then the champion, at Southampton, and came within a point of defeating him in what was called the greatest final in the long history of Seabright. It also showed that he took a bad beating from McNeill at Southampton and again at Newport. On both occasions Kovacs didn't seem to try. Some said McNeill's hard hitting showed up the weakness in Kovacs' forehand—a forehand that had looked great against Riggs.

This year, in Florida, Frank beat Riggs three times and scored twice over McNeill. Those victories figure to add to his confidence.

The big fellow from Oakland never seems to lack in confidence. He isn't the worrying kind. He takes every match in stride and you get the impression that the outcome doesn't make much difference to him. But in my book he's the best amateur tennis player in the land when he wants to be, and as good a choice to win at Forest Hills as any one in the field.

Next we come to Bobby Riggs. Riggs stacks up to Kovacs in size just about as Little Bill Johnston did to Big Bill Tilden. He has one of the smartest tennis heads on him in the game and he is a real sportsman.

Riggs hasn't got the power that Kovacs, McNeill, and some of the others have. He wins largely on his brain matter. But one thing you can say definitely for him: He is a fighter to the core, as he showed in pulling out two killing matches with McNeill in the Southern and Western finals this summer, and you can't give up easily on a guy like that.

Frankie Parker has been playing big-time tennis a good many years. He looks to be more of a contender for the championship in 1941 than ever before. The lack of a real forehand has been the big obstacle in Frankie's rise, but finally he has come up with what looks like the real McCoy. He has been so much better this year that he's won almost everything he went after on clay, including the national clay court championship, in which he beat McNeill and Riggs, and has won eight tournaments in nine starts.

Parker hasn't much of a service and his smash could be stronger, but he is so steady, makes so few mistakes, is so sound in his judgment and so thorough in keeping on the ball with smart anticipation, that his opponents usually have to work their heads off to beat him.

If the Naval Academy authorities should give Joe Hunt leave of absence to play this year, he'll make trouble for the best. Joe is our best volleyer and he has a powerful twist serve.

☆ ANOTHER player to keep in mind is John (Jake) Kramer. He came on like a house afire last year, defeating Parker at Forest Hills and winning the national doubles with Ted Schroeder—the youngest team in history to grab the cups.

Wayne Sabin was out of tennis last year, but he is back in circulation now, with a beautiful young wife, and playing fine ball. Here is one of the shrewdest and most cunning players of the lot.

He isn't a power player, but he has all the shots, a real sting in every one, and knows which one to use for every situation.

Gardnar Mulloy, Bitsy Grant, Ted Schroeder, Ted Olewine, Gilbert Hunt, Billy Talbert, Eddie Alloo, Victor Seixas, George Toley, Seymour Greenberg, and Harris Everett are some of the others who might furnish a surprise or two. Sidney Wood is having another fling at the title, and Frank Shields will be in there. Sidney is great when he is in shape, and big Frank can boom his forehand and serve with the best of them, as long as his legs last.

Ladislav Hecht, who played for Czecho-Slovakia in happier days, is the foreign player to bear watching. Latsy, who has taken out his first papers, beat McNeill in the New York State championship.

So reads the roll call for the championship. Considering the inroads of war and the draft, it is still a high-class field, and the man who comes through it to cop the crown will be a real champ. The Big Five are Kovacs, Riggs, McNeill, Parker, and Kramer. If I were pinned down to one, it would be Kovacs. With all he's got, he's a chump if he isn't champ.

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says KLEENEX*

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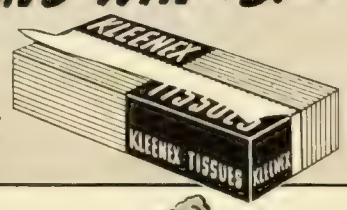


Vacation Fun!

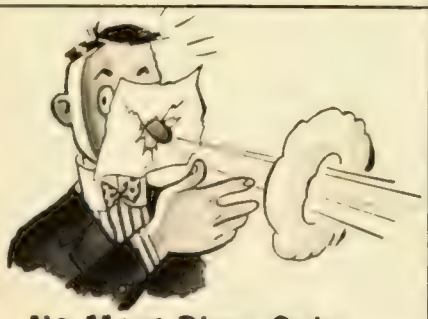
GOING AWAY?...WRAP COSMETICS AND BREAKABLES IN KLEENEX WHEN YOU PACK...NO BROKEN GLASS...NO CLOTHES RUINED!

(from a letter by A. B., Marshall, Texas)

Quick! The Butter Blotters!

WHEN YOU SERVE CORN ON THE COB SERVE KLEENEX TO CATCH THE BUTTER DRIPPINGS! SAVES NAPKINS, CUTS LAUNDRY COST!

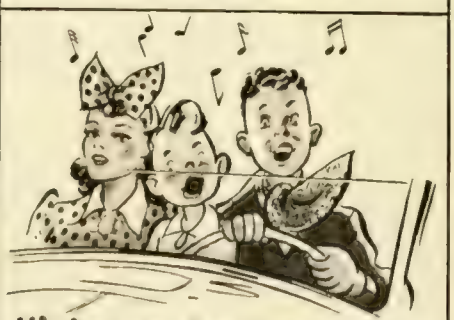
(from a letter by M. J. W., Gary, Ind.)



No More Blow-Outs

SINCE I STOPPED USING CHEAP TISSUES AND SWITCHED TO SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER.

(from a letter by L. C. H., Springfield, Mass.)



Highways Are Happy Ways

...WITH KLEENEX IN THE CAR TO CLEAN WINDSHIELD AND SUNGLASSES, TO WIPE STICKY FINGERS AFTER A "SNACK".

(from a letter by R. E. K., Los Angeles, Calif.)

ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Girl Meets Girl A Five-Day Diet

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ A WEIGHTY SUBJECT: They all laughed when you gasped at your reflection in the Fun House mirrors. Wouldn't it be horrible if you really looked that way? Well, we have all been overeating this summer and you can't have your cake and your figure too. So, if the fat-of-the-land appears to be concentrated at your waistline and the zippers won't zip, something must be done!!!! The table below is my suggestion. It's a five-day diet. You should lose a pound a day. My doctor assured me that I wouldn't starve and would lose if I followed it religiously.* The best part of this diet is that you can eat over the week-end, which—after all—is the time for fun, not famine.

* It would be wise to ask your own doctor's opinion before going on the diet.

☆ FALL FASHION FILE: Now that we've discussed figures, let's talk about what's going to be put on them this fall.

HATS: I went to the John-Frederics' hat showing, to see what I could see, and much of what I saw I liked. The new look, according to these gentlemen, is with the "interest" at the back of head. Although they show several tiara turbans, which are just that, and a version of the cloche, which is a little like a witch cap drawn tight over the ears, their most important hat, quoth John, is the Parachute Beret. This fits firmly to the head, flat and smooth on top, showing almost no hair; at the back the material is draped loose and full.

DRESSES: It seems to me they are fundamentally simple and easy to wear. They will be backgrounds for accessories. This will be a time of "touches" to make costumes individual. For example, one note of your own favorite color to high-light an otherwise monotone costume. I bought a gray flannel suit with which I will wear a white waist, gray shoes, gray bag, gray gloves, and a red, red hat.

For "dressy" occasions, black rides high. To combine dull and shiny black is excellent. There are innumerable afternoon dresses of black crepe with collars and insets of black velvet; or black satin to point a sheer black wool. I haven't noticed any startling silhouette—many graceful, not too accentuated peplums; a bit of the bustle business, but restrained; lots of modified dirndls; and that cigarette look for which you must not own an extra ounce. And of course the Chinese feeling in tunics and slender slit skirts, and sloping shoulders.

SHOES: Shoes are to have a narrow, elegant look. Of course there are always our old faithful pumps, looking more trim and tailored and right than ever.

BAGS: The camera case and the postman's pouch have been borrowed for fall pocketbooks. (My own favorite bag looks like a water canteen, and is made of zebra.)

FABRICS: Corduroy and velveteen are to this autumn what shantung was to the summer.

☆ MOUTHPIECE: In case you'd be interested in a new mouth to meet autumn, consider a new gadget. It's a mouth mask of transparent plastic, called Glamourlips, which you cover with lipstick and apply to your own lips. You will love "trying on" the assorted mouths, and can run the gamut from Garbo to Garland. ($1.)

OF V I SING: The V-for-Victory campaign has Vitalized the fashion front. The Volume of purchasable articles branded with a V would stretch from here to Valentine's Day, so I'll merely mention a few Vivid examples which caught my eye. Such as the sterling silver V earrings and pin (each $1) . . . and the combination Vanity and cigarette case of black enamel with a hand "thumbs up" holding a V. ($5.95. V costs $1 extra.) You can get socks, gloves, and sweaters, all valiantly displaying V.

SWEET AND AMBER: There is a lovely cream sachet which is a concentrated version of amber perfume. Apply it directly to yourself, whereupon it vanishes, but you smell of amber for hours afterward. ($1.)

LOCKET, LEATHER, AND LOVE: All three are combined in the little leather lockets which hold two pictures of your best beloved, or your dog, or infant, or dearest friend. Not too large to tuck in your purse. Mine is red, white, and blue leather, has three initials, and cost $3.75. They come also in pigskin—red, black, blue, green. The initials are free.

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

☆ MEMOS ON MY MIRROR: Spice last year's "little black" with gold braid frogs marching in a military manner down the bodice.

With a green skirt, a lacquer-red sweater would be stunning.

Have a jacket of the identical tweed and tailoring as your suitor sports.

Pin the various war-relief badges around your waist on a plain belt.

Wear a dickey, instead of a blouse with suits and sports dresses.

Wear Chinese pajamas around the home.

For campus and country, corduroy play shoes are solid comfort.

Instead of your name on pocket matches, have your telephone number!

Find a palest pink frothy blouse to top a black velveteen skirt.

Knot a triangle of frost-white paillettes at the throat of a severe black sweater, and wear this with a sleek black evening skirt.

In an early issue, Girl Meets Girl will tell you more about the Autumn Outlook.

FIVE-DAY DIET

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
BREAKFAST:	1 medium glass fruit juice. Coffee (milk sparingly).	Normal portion berries with milk, no sugar. Coffee.	1 medium glass fruit juice. Coffee.	Half grapefruit. Coffee.	1 slice toast. Coffee.
LUNCH:	1 slice lean cold roast beef. 1 head lettuce, sliced tomatoes (lemon dressing). 1 slice whole-wheat bread. Tea or coffee (skimmed milk).	Small bowl strained chicken broth. Celery, raw carrots. 1 slice whole-wheat bread. Tea or coffee.	1 slice lean cold chicken. 1 head lettuce, sliced tomatoes (lemon dressing). 1 slice whole-wheat bread. Tea or coffee.	Small bowl strained chicken broth. Celery, raw carrots. 1 slice whole-wheat bread. Tea or coffee.	The whites of two hard-boiled eggs. Lettuce, tomatoes (lemon dressing). 1 slice whole-wheat bread. Tea or coffee.
DINNER:	1 large glass tomato juice. 1 normal portion broiled or boiled chicken, string beans and cauliflower. Unsweetened gelatin. Tea or coffee (skimmed milk).	Half grapefruit. Normal portion veal, squash. Lettuce and tomato salad (lemon dressing). 1 slice cheese (American or Swiss), rye krisp. Tea or coffee.	Small cup strained clear bouillon. Chopped beef, asparagus tips. Raw carrots, celery, water cress (all chopped fine). Tea or coffee.	V-8 or tomato juice. 2 lamb chops (all fat removed), string beans, broccoli. Any fresh fruit but bananas. Tea or coffee.	Half grapefruit. Cod, halibut, or flounder (boiled or broiled), choice of two vegetables mentioned. Unsweetened gelatin. Tea or coffee.

NOTE: If you are hungry between meals, you are entitled to half an apple or a glass of skimmed milk.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

☆ ANNE moved back a step. "I've got to go. I just came to see how you were, Louise. If there's—"

She stopped abruptly as we heard a sharp imperative rap on the front door.

"It's my uncle!" she whispered. "What *can* I do?"

Steve got up. I didn't much like the way he looked. "Sit down," he said. "I'll talk to him. Just be quiet. I love you very much, little girl. And you love me, too, don't you?"

The door downstairs opened. I could hear Judge Drayton's cold voice. "Anne? Anne?"

"Oh, yes!" she whispered to Steve.

Steve bent down and kissed her on the forehead. "Don't forget it, will you."

She stood there, white and shaken. "It's no use, Louise. He'll tell him anyway." She was staring in front of her, not seeing anything, like a mask of tragedy. "My uncle doesn't care whom he hurts. If it were just me, I wouldn't care—so much."

I didn't say anything. Unless she wanted to tell me, I didn't want to know. And she didn't seem aware of me any more. She didn't even look up when some one tapped on the door.

I said, "Come in." It was the incredibly old and decrepit colored woman who'd brought my breakfast.

"Miss Anne?"

Anne looked up. "Good morning, Martha."

"Th' judge say he'd like you to come down in th' parlor. He say he'd like th' other lady too, if she is able."

She closed the door. Anne sat there with her hands folded tightly together. "You don't feel like coming, do you?"

I didn't, but there was something very poignant in the way she said it.

"I'll come," I said.

"Sit down, Anne," Judge Drayton said coolly, when we came in. He gave me a formal bow.

I've often wondered if all this could have happened in any other surroundings. I had a vague impression of marble-topped tables and waxed flowers and fruit under glass, faded carpets, and long-dead Heywoods hanging on the walls. If the room had been light and full of air and color, Judge Drayton wouldn't have had the power he had. It was a dead room. The dead past was there, returned to life, withering youth and love with its fleshless iron hand.

☆ "I AM assuming that in your different ways," Judge Drayton said coldly, "you are both fond of my niece, and that neither of you would willfully injure her. That is why I have decided to tell you this." He looked at Steve and at me. "Only five people now alive have known it. Anne herself did not know until last night."

His eyes, hard as ice, rested on mine again.

"Anne's name is not Drayton," he said evenly, to Steve. "My brother died childless. Anne has no name. Your father's cousin, Minot Heywood, was her father. He was betrothed to my sister Kate. He deserted her and ran off like a thief in the night with my sister Laetitia. We brought Anne back to Antigua, a nameless—"

Steve made a swift move forward, his eyes hard and burning. "That's enough," he said quietly. "You brought her back, and you gave her her mother's name. She had a right to it. But if she had to make up a name, what of it? What's that got to do with her? She's going to take her father's name now, because it's my name too . . . and I'm proud to give it to her."

He came across the room and took Anne by the hand, and stood with his arm around her, holding her close to his side.

"Why do you tell her now? If nobody knew . . ."

Judge Drayton's face was gray as death. "Because you are a Heywood! She'll never have the name Heywood. Never! Do you hear?"

Anne's body quivered. Steve's arm tightened around her.

"You came to get the Heywood plantations," Judge Drayton said quietly. "They belong to Anne. The great wrong that Minot Heywood had to redress, for his soul, was the wrong he'd done her and her mother. The wrong he did my sister Kate he could never redress. In a court of law in Mississippi, Anne's claim would hold before yours. But we have no desire to publish her mother's shame to the whole world."

"I asked you never to say that again," Anne said. "She must have loved him very much. I loved him too, and he loved me. I'm glad he was my father—glad! Do you hear?"

"I think the less melodrama the better," Judge Drayton said coldly. "It has nothing to do with it."

"Nor have the plantations," Steve said. "Anne is going to marry me, Judge Drayton. She will have them without any discussion of any kind."

"I have told you Anne is not going to marry you."

"I don't know just how you're going to stop her."

"I will tell you, Mr. Heywood. I realize that standards in your part of the country are different from what they are in the South. But I don't believe they are lax enough to overlook an irregularity of this importance."

"That's a chance we're willing to take, Judge Drayton."

"But I doubt if it is a certainty you'd be willing for your children to take—or that my sister Laetitia's friends would take."

"You mean you would publish it to the world."

"I do indeed."

"In that case, there's nothing we can do about it," Steve said.

"Nothing," said Judge Drayton. "I'm glad you have sense enough to see it, sir."

"Thank you. The telephone line is fixed now. Would you like me to call a reporter from the evening paper? He can announce our engagement."

Anne unloosed her fingers from Steve's and moved out of the protecting circle of his arm.

"No," she said quietly, turning to her uncle. "I won't let you hurt my . . . mother. I won't marry Steve. I'll promise that. But I won't marry Lawrence. And I take it the reason my mother is so poor is that she's always paid for me at Antigua, and that what I thought was my father's share of the place was hers. I should be grateful to you, but I'm not. I see what she meant the other night. She was right. Mr. Minot is dead, and you can't hurt him. It's only the living you can hurt. I'd like you to go now."

He looked at her, his face closing, expressionless.

"You're coming with me," he said.

Murde

Finale! Now strangely killer is caught . . a love comes into its ow

BY LESLIE FOR

"I'll come when I'm ready," she replied calmly. "I've given you my promise."

He hesitated for an instant. "Very well, Anne." He bowed to me. "Good-by, Mrs. Gould."

"Good-by, Judge Drayton," I said.

He walked past Steve to the door and out, closing it firmly behind him.

"Anne!"

She moved quickly so that he couldn't take her in his arms again. "No, Steve—I've promised. Oh, don't you see? She's suffered so much because of me. I couldn't let her be hurt again."

He went back to the fireplace and stood looking down into it. "I see," he said. "For the present, anyway."

He hesitated an instant. "There's one thing you'd like to know. It . . . might make it a little easier. You remember all the road maps and travel folders he used to collect?"

She nodded. "I used to spend most of my allowance on stamps to get them for him."

"Well, it wasn't because he wanted to take a lot of trips. There was only one trip he was going to take."

He put his hand in his pocket, took out the bundle he'd taken from Mr. Minot's cupboard the night before, and slipped the rubber band off it.

"These maps have all got one route marked—or alternate routes going to the same place."

He unfolded one and ran his finger along the red crayon that Mr. Minot had used to mark his way. "They all stop just here."

Anne and I leaned over and looked at the tiny dot encircled with a broad red line.

"Brentwood!" Anne exclaimed. "Why, that's—that's where Aunt Letty . . . that's where she lives!"

Steve nodded. "It was where he was packing his bags to go the night—"

(The night he was murdered, I thought.)

"—he was taken ill and died."

Anne stood looking down at it a long time. When she raised her face to Steve her eyes were shining with tears. "The first minute he was free," she whispered. "Oh, Steve, I'm so glad! I'm so very, very glad!"

"I'm glad too," he said gently. "And now, come along—I'm going to take you home." He took her hand. "There are a lot of things I want to say . . . so you'll remember this isn't the end. It's just the beginning for you and me."

He looked at me then, and remembered, I suppose. "No, I guess I'd better stay here."

I glanced past them through the window. "There's some one coming now," I said. "I'll be all right."

Anne looked out. She put her hand on Steve's arm quickly. "It's Alec," she said. "They've sent him over after me! Louise—you've got to tell him I've gone! Aunt Letty said he was going to ask me something today, and I don't . . . I can't listen—not now."

With Southern Hospitality

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

Judge Drayton's face was gray. "She'll never have the name Heywood. Never!"

"All right," I said. "Quick, both of you. Go out back through the garden."

I managed to get to the window as they left. Alec had left his car in the road and was coming through the gate. It was too bad, really, I thought. If it hadn't been for Steve, it would have been his suit I was backing. With Cornelia out of the way, he'd have made a grand husband for any girl.

I heard the back door close on her and Steve just as Alec knocked. I raised my voice. "Come in, Alec. I'm in here."

He came in. "Hello! What's this I heard, and how are you? Good Lord! Have you talked to Tom?"

"The doctor did," I said. "Sit down and talk to me. I'm all right. Is there any news?"

He sat down. He seemed a little nervous. "The judge said Anne was over here," he said.

"She's been gone quite a while."

"Steve here?"

I started to say where Steve was, and then I thought maybe I'd better not. The judge might have sent him over for exactly that purpose.

"He's around somewhere."

"I've been talking to Bailey and the doctor. They say the bullet grazed the artery in your arm."

I held it out in the sling. "I'm all right. I have to be careful of it—I don't want the artery to come unbandaged."

I had to think of something to talk to him about until Steve got back. A kind of odd panic at being left alone, even with him there, began to seep through me. I could feel my hands getting colder by the moment.

"I wonder which one of the Heywoods that is," I said, nodding up at the dingy portrait over the mantel.

Alec got up to look at it, and turned around and stared at me. "Is this . . . that locket?" he said oddly.

I felt something inside me turning slowly into a cold gray jelly. I looked up at the portrait. In the blackened canvas I could see a woman's head and bare shoulders. On her full bosom was that golden egg-shaped ornament, hanging on a black ribbon around her throat. I couldn't see the jeweled spray, but I knew it was there just as surely as I knew the locket itself was tucked away in the pocket of my coat lying around my shoulders.

I leaned back in the chair, sick and dizzy . . . because just then, as I sat there, looking from the old portrait to Alec Cartwright standing in front of it, still looking so queerly at me, it was all there. The whole picture whirled and settled into shape. Now it was there in my mind, clear and certain as death. For death was in the room with me, too, his icy fingers closing around my heart. I knew perfectly well now that Alec Cartwright had killed Cornelia. He had killed Millicent Storm. He had tried to kill me . . . and now he had come back to do it properly.

I kept my eyes fixed on the gold locket in the portrait. I had to do something, to keep my sanity.

Alec was speaking. I couldn't hear

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PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

September Issue—Out Now 10c

him, but I could hear myself answering him, my voice natural and detached as if the body it was in wasn't my body but some one else's, some third person in the room who had no knowledge of Alec, who felt none of the cold breath and closing fingers of death. And I mustn't let that voice become confused with me, I thought. I must go on talking, not letting him be sure that I really knew.

☆ HE spoke again, and again my voice answered him.

It takes so long to say all of it in words, but in my mind it was spread out like a block of print that my eyes could take in all at one glance. Alec Cartwright had the only motive for killing her—her penury, her miserliness, with only her death standing between him and his father's estate. But that wasn't how I'd known. It was the locket. He must have seen it that night . . . threw it down, probably, into the bayou after her. And probably he'd just asked that to see if I really knew.

Then I thought of that phone call to Cornelia—it must have been he—and her annoyance, and his saying to me when he came that night, "I thought you'd gone home. I thought the pilgrimage was over." . . . And then last night, as we'd stood by Millicent Storm's body, when he'd said, "That must be what she meant," and his silence before he said, "She telegraphed me." Cornelia'd only known it the night before her death, when she'd overheard Lawrence and Judge Drayton talking. She hadn't telegraphed him—she'd told him, just before he killed her, that if he wanted money, that was the way to get it—by marrying Anne Drayton.

And Alec would know she'd always had a revolver in the car. And he'd been there under the magnolia tree. I had thought it was Steve.

And then I knew I'd already seen Alec Cartwright that night, and so had Millicent Storm. She'd signed her death warrant when she said, "I never forget a face . . . I recognized you the first time I saw you." And I'd signed mine—almost, or quite—when I said, "I saw her at the service station." For it was Alec who'd driven up behind me and Steve, and sat with his car parked next to Millicent's. He'd come up out of the bayou with Lawrence, and he hadn't been in the house at all. And then, knowing that sooner or later I must remember, and put all the little slips and incongruities together, he'd come to Tangier. Luck had been with him, because the dogs had been borrowed for the fox hunt. The danger of waiting was very great, of course, and he'd had to try to kill me quickly . . . with Steve alone in the house to take the blame.

The danger of waiting was very great again, I thought suddenly. He took a step toward me, his eyes resting for an instant on my arm. I've told him how to kill me, I thought desperately. The doctor and I both had told him. They'd think something had happened . . . I'd fainted, maybe, and hit my arm, and the ligature broke, and I just bled to death . . .

He came a little closer, his eyes bright and his face white and hard. There was no use screaming, I knew. And if I tried to get up and run, I would faint, and then it would be too easy.

I just sat there. I must say something, I thought, to gain one more precious moment of time.

Oh, Tom! I thought; or oh, Steve! Anybody—the postman, or Jim Bailey, or the man bringing back the hounds! I heard myself saying then—and why I had to say it, of all things, I can't imagine: "What are you going to do now you have your father's money?"

He came across the room toward me then with quick steps, still very white-faced and bright-eyed, and I could feel the room whirl around in front of my reeling brain. And something else! There was a shout, and I could hear a door bursting in, a falling chair, a crashing table, and a shot, and men's voices like animals, struggling, panting in hard terrible gasps, and another shot and then silence.

I looked out of dazed and paralyzed eyes. Alec Cartwright was lying on the floor, motionless, and Steve Heywood was getting up slowly, one hand clenched tightly around his wrist, the blood streaming out of it.

Then a horrified voice spoke from the doorway. It was Anne: "Steve! Louise! Not Alec Cartwright!"

She was standing there, staring at the inert form on the carpet in front of the fireplace.

"Phone Bailey," Steve said, "and the doctor. Get Louise out of here. Then come and tie up my arm."

He came over to me. "I knew I'd seen that car of his at the service station," he said. "And then I remembered seeing his face through the windshield. He came in behind us as we were pulling out."

"I remember," I whispered.

☆ I WAS in the library across the hall. Anne had laid a fire and lighted it, and gone to the kitchen to help Dr. Richards boil his instruments for the second time in less than twelve hours. Jim Bailey and a detective they'd got up from New Orleans were in the parlor. In a little while they'd be over here to talk to me about Alec, and I was gladder than I knew how to tell that I could just give them the facts, and wouldn't have to mention at all, much less try to conceal, the whole story of Miss Letty and her locket. Anne's story and her mother's could stay locked in the minds of the few people—eight people now—who knew it.

I looked around as somebody turned the door knob. It was Miss Rose Heywood.

"I declare," she said. "I don't know what all's going on around here. The mayor called me up and asked me to come in to his office, and when I got there he pretended he'd never called me at all. I was so provoked."

She looked around the room. "I don't use it," she said. "I hate to

come in here. I can see us all sitting around after the funeral, listening to our grandmother's will. Some people thought the rest of us ought to contest it, but I wouldn't join them, and next to Minot I'd had the most to contend with. I get along very nicely, with tourists and showing people the house. I showed that first lady that got killed around that same day. She kept asking questions about the portrait of my grandmother in the parlor. She said she was sure she'd seen the locket around her neck somewhere."

"What's happened to it?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"I don't know. Grandmother always thought one of the servants stole it. Well, I hope you're going to be comfortable. Who are all these people? Jim Bailey, why aren't you out sheriffing?"

Jim got her out eventually. Then the man from New Orleans came in, and Steve and Anne too, Steve with his arm in a sling and Anne looking at him with anxious eyes. They didn't get very far away from each other.

I told them everything that had happened, just leaving out Alec's question about the locket, and the way he'd looked at me then that had made me suddenly realize all the rest of it.

"That car has a special motor," the man from New Orleans said. "He could make it to Natchez in less than four hours. I'll check up at the airport about that plane."

He reached in his pocket. "Is this her watch?"

He held out Cornelia's diamond wrist watch. I nodded.

"It was in his pocket. How was he off for money? All he had was a couple of dollars and two pawn tickets in his billfold."

"She was very close," I said. "She . . . well, she wasn't ever very kind to him."

☆ THEY left after a while. Steve closed the door after them, and he and Anne came over, and Anne leaned down and kissed me.

"Good-by, Louise," she said softly. "I've got to go now."

"I'll come with you," Steve said.

She shook her head. "No. It . . . it just makes it harder. We'll do as we said, and then, some day, if you still love me . . ."

She looked up at him and smiled, her eyes glistening with tears.

"I'll come to the door," Steve said.

"Good-by, Anne," I said.

They started slowly to the door, Steve's good hand gripping hers.

"Give me my jacket before you go, will you, Anne?" I said.

She picked it up off the horsehair settee. She must have been blinded with tears, because she got it by the bottom, and as she held it up there was a thud on the carpet, and Miss Letty's locket lay there, wide open, as the clasp had unloosed. And for the second time I saw that little faded bit of folded paper.

We looked at it, all three of us. Then Steve bent down. I realized that he was the only one of us who had

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no sense of the inviolability of its contents. He picked up the little piece of paper, opened it out, and looked down at it. He stood there for an instant; then, very slowly, he handed it over to Anne. Her eyes were searching his face.

"Read it," he said.

She took it from him.

"'David Norman 22, Bella Sykes 18,'" she read aloud. "'Allen Smith 28, Ella Bachelor 29. Minot Heywood 32, Letitia Drayton 27' . . . Oh, Steve! Then they were . . . they *were* married! Oh, Steve—Steve!"

Miss Letty must be fifty now, I thought. That means it was the year he went to war. Anne is twenty. That was after he'd come back.

"Be careful of your arm," I heard her whisper, and Steve laughed.

"Be careful of Miss Letty's locket," I said practically.

He grinned, reached down, and picked it up off the floor.

"What's this?" he asked. "Stop crying, Anne. You can't get out of it now, no matter what happens."

"I don't want to get out of it!"

"What is it?" I demanded. I got up and went over to them. In his hand he had a thin sheet of air-mail paper that had been folded a dozen times and pressed into the cavity of the locket, facing the picture of a man in khaki. Slipped in beside the picture was a tiny snapshot of a baby.

Anne took the locket from him and he unfolded the piece of paper.

"What's that date?" she said.

"December 2, 1935," Steve read.

"That was the day Mr. Minot died," she said quickly. "He must have—Oh, read it, Steve. What did he say to her? He did write it, didn't he?"

He turned it over. ". . . all my love, as always," I could see, and it was signed "Minot." There was a postscript, but he turned the letter over before I could read it.

The folds were dark and frayed, and the whole had been blurred with tears.

☆ "'MY dearest—I'm coming to you at last,'" Steve read slowly. "'I've always been with you in my heart. When Vidal read her will today, and I realized it meant we'd be together again after the years she kept us apart, and have a chance to do all the things we dreamed of doing, I couldn't feel bitter toward her any more. And of course, I'd been a coward. I should have broken away the day you told me. If you'd told me before you brought her back, I believe I'm man enough to have done it in spite of her, and in spite of Kate. She's been happy, and maybe you were right in thinking it made up our debt to her, letting her have the child. Maybe I couldn't have made a living for us all. I'm not proud of my life, but I'm proud of your love, and of Anne. And now I'm coming. My love, my wife—we will be together at last. Until four days from now, my dearest, all my love, as always.'"

The fire sizzled out in the hearth. It was the only sound in the room for a long time. Then I said, "What's the rest of it?"

Steve read the postscript:

"'Kate has just phoned. She's coming across the bayou tonight at nine o'clock. It's the only time since I realized it was you I loved that I've been glad to see her. I'll tell her everything. We'll both be glad she finally knows. Good-by for now, my dear wife. MINOT.'"

Anne sat there staring in front of her a long time.

"He never had a chance to tell her," she said at last. "She must have come too late. Oh, what a difference it would have made!"

Steve looked at me. Neither of us said anything.

"She must have been just a little late, coming through the bayou," Anne said softly. She was talking almost as if she were in a dream.

"Are you sure that I won't be considered contraband?"

She got up, went over to the desk, and pulled open the drawer. It was filled with dusty papers and old plantation accounts. She picked something up and came back to us. It was a thick old-fashioned watch on a heavy gold chain. She held it out to me. The crystal was cracked in a hundred splintered facets.

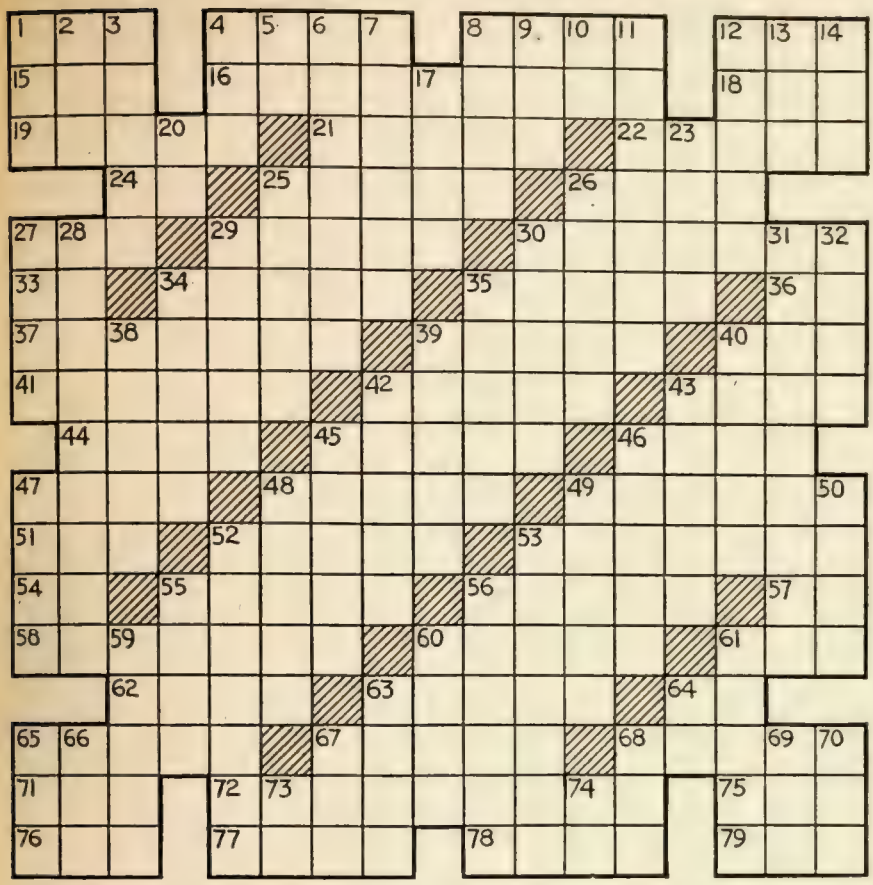
"Miss Rose put it there," she said to Steve, "to keep until you came. We put it there together, before his funeral. I sneaked through the bayou to say good-by to him, but she wouldn't let me see him. You see—it broke when he fell. Poor Aunt Kate . . . if she'd only known! She grieved for him for days."

I looked down at the watch, and saw that the hands were standing at seven minutes past nine. Steve took it from her gently and put it back in the desk drawer. Then he came back and took her in his arms, holding her tightly against him, kissing the top of her shining head. After a moment our gaze met across the room. He shook his head slowly, and I nodded mine in return.

"I love you, Anne," he whispered softly.

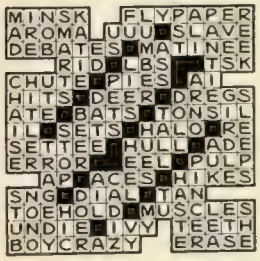
THE END

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Creative ability
4 Adjoin
8 East Indian tree
12 According to (Fr., two words)
15 In place of
16 Depict
18 Happy
19 Irritate
21 Rescued
22 Old saying
24 Prefix: complement
25 More spacious
26 Give forth
27 A state (abbr.)
29 Runner
30 Noted
33 Concerning
34 Estate
35 Omnivorous mammal
36 Hesitant expression
37 Conveyed
39 Musical drama
40 In the past
41 Caught
42 Demeans
43 Rejoicing
44 Neckwear (pl.)
45 Metal space fillers
46 Wood carbon
47 Decades
48 Spice
49 Ball game
51 Worthless leaving
52 Indian warrior
53 One who excels
54 Personal pronoun
55 Angry
56 Beast of burden
57 No (Scotch)
58 Teach
60 Looked after
61 Serpent
62 No one
63 Pertaining to the lungs
64 Above
65 To dazzle
67 Old dance
68 Gnawed-looking
71 Inland island
72 Overhead railroads
75 Excavate
76 Tipsy (prov. Eng.)
77 Love to distraction
78 Let stand (print.)
79 Unit of energy



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Behind
2 Spawn
3 Clue
4 Land measure
5 Prefix: near
6 Greek letter
7 One who exchanges
8 Employer
9 Suffix: footed
10 An article
11 Endurance
12 Waxy quartz
13 Slow down
14 Yes
17 Always
20 Provided that
23 Eat
25 Entertained
26 Mohammedan princes
27 Eyes
28 Came in again
29 Constructs
30 Jugs
31 Denials
32 Walked
34 Female horses
35 Foam
38 Tinge
39 Woman's name
40 Onward
42 Push
43 Pertaining to a bird's bill
45 Rock that splits easily
46 Withered, parched, dried up
47 Huge volume
48 Framework of slats
49 Less wild
50 Break sharply
52 Firebrand
53 Low roof wall
55 Holy picture
56 New England family
59 Get together
60 African tree
61 Positive voltaic pole
63 Wash
64 Instead
65 Irregular sand formation
66 Untruth
67 Acquire
68 East (Fr.)
69 Title
70 Germ cell
73 Interjection
74 From (Latin)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

What Other Cigarette Has All 5?

DOMINO

1. **A Quality Blend** of choice mild-smoking imported and domestic tobaccos.
2. **Firmly Rolled** to better filter the smoke.
3. **Vacuum-Cleaned** to remove small tobacco particles.
4. **Rolled** in expensive Champagne Paper.
5. **Modern Price**, your savings will buy a new camera, radio or other luxuries you've wanted.

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All you have to do right after shaving—is to apply a hot towel—spread on a generous coat of Pompeian Milk Massage Cream and rub it in well. And, man, watch it work! That white cream pulls Pompeian Massage Cream pulls out your pore-clogged skin—dirt-black! Look how your skin glows! You look like a different man!

Get a jar at drug, department or dime stores, or send coupon below.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL JAR

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is 10 cents. Send jar of Pompeian Milk Massage Cream & direction folder.
Name & Address.....
City & State.....

had persuaded three exhausted children to lie quietly in the bedroom until sleep claimed them, she set to work plaiting straw for summer hats.

Clouds darkened the sky and the cold misty gloom of early April began to settle on the six-paned windows. Pury watched the mantel clock anxiously, but the four elder children did not come from the schoolhouse. Her mind began to conjure misfortunes: she thought of the children meeting wolves as they came through the woods. That was silly, for most of the timber wolves had drifted away before this; they didn't hunt in packs when spring came close. She thought of gypsies, of wild Sioux swarming south from the Minnesota border to re-enact the deviltry they had performed at New Ulm two years before.

But finally the children arrived in state, riding in the Wallace wagon. Master MacDonald, who taught the school, was driving, and little Mrs. Sarah Wallace sat beside him. Pury ran to welcome the arrivals and to marvel at the luxury of the wagon ride they had enjoyed.

Mrs. Wallace's pale face was serious and tight-lipped as she followed the humpbacked bearded shape of Master MacDonald into the Beck house.

She stood darting nervous glances into corners of the room, her bony fingers twisting at the fringe of her torn shawl.

"What's this about your ma going away, Pury Beck?" demanded Sarah Wallace. "I vow I was amazed when my young uns came home to take their dinner and told me the gossip. What in time has happened, Pury?"

Puritan coiled the braided straw and hung it upon a chair. "Ma's gone West," she said. "I can't calculate just when she'll get back, but she directed me to take charge."

☆ SHE told her story. Old Master MacDonald stood watching with bright blue eyes.

"So your ma's gone clean out to Nebrasky Territory, has she? Those are perfect actions for a Beck, I'll be bound!" Mrs. Wallace appealed to the schoolmaster: "Did you ever hear anything like it, Master MacDonald? First Gerry Beck goes off soldiering, leaving his wife and a raft of young uns. And now Jo Beck goes chasing him, leaving the whole passel in charge of a twelve-year-old!"

"Pury's a smart girl," said Master MacDonald cautiously. "She's the foremost scholar I've got, Mrs. Wallace. A trustworthy lass if I ever met one."

Puritan felt her cheeks growing warm at this praise. She stood her ground and looked at Mrs. Wallace.

The neighbor sniffed. "Very well, Pury." Her sharp voice was softer now. "You get all the children together and fetch them out to the wagon. I reckon Chunk and my little Adam can come over to feed and bed the stock. "We'll be crowded at our house, but all the boys can spoon up in the loft together."

The room was silent. Puritan felt her brothers and sisters looking at her . . . even through the mist that covered her eyes she was aware that Delly's mouth was trembling.

"You mean, Mrs. Wallace, that you want us to come over to your place and stay till my ma and pa get back?"

"Why, what ails you, child? No girl of your years can look after a family of small fry."

☆ PURY felt her fists clenching. "Ma's gone West," she said. "But she didn't wish me to take the children and go over to your place, or she'd have said so."

Mrs. Wallace shook her shawl impatiently. "Doubtless she was too distraught, poor soul, to even think of it! Come now, Pury. The rest of you, too. Pack up your paraphernalia."

Puritan Beck planted her feet tightly against the puncheon floor. She took a deep breath. "Ma did think of it, Mrs. Wallace. But she didn't think it would be so wise, on account of your —your"—she hunted for the words and found them—"your recent bereavement. And poor Grandpa Wallace still sick with the fever and—adding to your troubles and all."

She could have said more. All the Wallace children had been ill with "winter complaint" that season; two of them had nearly died. But none of the Becks had had so much as a sore throat.

"A girl your age," cried Sarah Wallace, "can't possibly look after seven others younger than herself!"

Master MacDonald was limping amiably across the room. "Well, now, Mrs. Wallace, it may be that you're mistaken. To my way of thinking, the lass is behaving admirably. Look you there: the table set for supper, neatly laid, and it's not yet five o'clock."

He opened the bedroom door. "Beds made—most tidily, too," he observed. "And the most beautiful smelling bedroom into which I ever thrust my old nose! How else did you occupy yourselves the day, Puritan?"

"We tromped dirty quilts," said Pury. "Five of them. They're drying on the palings."

Master MacDonald peered out of the window and nodded his head again. "The lass has acquitted herself well, Sister Wallace," he said. "I see no reason to have our doubts that she might continue to do so."

"What if gypsies come again?" cried poor Mrs. Wallace.

Pury said boldly, "Chunk can run them off the place. He's hunted with pa's old single-barrel since he was only eight."

"I wouldn't rest easy in my bed if I left you—"

"Nor, I fancy," the schoolmaster interrupted, "would Puritan rest easy in hers if she yielded the charge to which she was bound by her mother. Come along, Sister Wallace. I'll be driving you to your home."

When they had gone, eight Becks screamed and rioted about the kitchen. Chunk brandished the shotgun, and even Bub, who couldn't possibly understand what had occurred, hooted with the rest.

Pury whirled, with Feeb and Peggy trying to swing from her skirts. "That's enough now, children," she said, when she got her breath. "You've had your nonsense; now you got to help get supper on. Chunk, there's more wood needed. You and Timmy get busy at the pile. And don't forget —there's the night milking and the critters to be fed before we have a bite ourselves. Delly and Ame, you fetch the quilts and pile them in the far corner until they can dry again tomorrow. You little tads, keep out from under my feet."

While she was patting damp cakes of uncooked corn dodger half an hour later, while she was directing Delly and Ame in their pork slicing, Pury heard the distant creak of wheels.

Her first fear was that Mrs. Wallace had returned with reinforcements to kidnap the whole lot of them and carry them off to catch winter complaint at the bedside of poor old grandpa. Then Pury thought of gypsies; apparently Chunk did too, for he came sprinting from the stable and seized his shotgun.

But the wheels carried neither Wallaces nor gypsies into their midst. They carried travelers, and travelers were received with enthusiasm at the Beck house in those lonely days of winter and war.

☆ IT was a battered old stanhope buggy which climbed the road from the river and halted in dusk beyond the house door. There were two travelers, a man and a woman. The man alighted first, twisting his hands against the soreness which the reins had put there.

The family gazed at him in the pale orange light of lamp and fireplace. He was a tall man with a thin dark face; and his disorderly hair came down to brush the soiled paper collar he wore. He halted at the threshold, bowed, and looked down into the circle of chubby faces. Then, smiling slightly, he removed his stovepipe hat and caressed it with a cuff that was none too clean.

"A fecund wilderness, by gad!" the stranger said. "And may I make bold to inquire for a glimpse of the proud bough from which you sprang? To wit, small ladies and gentlemen, your mother."

No one within the neighborhood spoke like that. There were few of his phrases that the children could understand. They stood, loose-jawed and staring.

"Your mother or father, sweet ones!" cried the stranger, bending close. "It's your parents for whom I inquire!"

Pury took a deep breath. "Ma's gone West," she said explosively.

"As, indeed, who has not!" cried the stranger. "And is this not the West? Why, bless me, do I appear to be the

original man from Androscoggin? 'Oh, I fear I ne'er shall find it, it's so far off in the west.'" He added with the slightest impatience, "Come, come, speak up! Where has your mother gone?"

"Out to Nebrasky Territory. She went to nurse our pa; he's in the Seventh Ioway Cavalry."

"He got shot by a Shy Ann," explained Chunk.

At his words the stranger jumped a little and cast a swift glance over his shoulder. Then he leered upon the assembled Becks once more.

"Proud I am to meet you, my childer," he said. "I trust you feel considerable pride in having a parent who is a sworn and tried defender of his country. Would that I were by his side!"

He seemed to smell pork in the room beyond, for his nostrils worked hungrily. "We are two weary—and, I fear, disheveled—voyagers across your prairie sea, my fair lady and I. I make bold to ask you if we may seek shelter within against the gloom and discomfort of the approaching night."

All the Becks grinned, though Pury did so reluctantly. This stranger and the "fair lady" he mentioned were no mere travelers: they were, it seemed, stayers.

The children liked stayers, and there had been stayers from time to time through their lives. There had been ministers, pack peddlers, an eloping couple, an army paymaster, and other overnight visitors of whom they thought often and with satisfaction. There had been a bagpiper and a man with a trained dog, and a little old lady from Wales who sang droll songs to them; and there had been the three terse, booted, holstered strangers who ate heartily before the fire, who declined to embarrass a lone woman with their presence under her roof but who slept in the stable instead, and who left a rare and beautiful ten-dollar gold piece in a broken saucer upon the step before they rode away.

☆ PURY thought of her mother. Ma didn't ever turn strangers away if she could help it.

Pury backed into the room. "There's pa's and ma's," she said, indicating the bed in the corner. "I guess you and your—your Lady Fair—can sleep there. We haven't got much except pork and corn dodger tonight. And crab-apple preserve and sorghum," she added, remembering her promise to the children that morning. "We got plenty milk. You're welcome to what we got."

The stranger clasped his hands together. "Arab hospitality, if ever I met up with it!" he declared sonorously. "True Oriental hospitality in the best sense of the word!" He went away from the step. The children nearest observed that he lurched a little in his pace. He called into the dark hollow of the rickety old stanhope, "Come, Gretel, my dear. We have been offered food, and shelter for the night."

Like most civilians, Ilona Massey, star of the Edward Small photoplay "International Lady", is bewildered at the way . . .

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Bug-a-boo Moth Crystals—Pleasantly pine-scented. Hung in the closet, they give off a vapor which kills moth worms that damage clothes. Sold in 1-lb. metal vaporizers, also 3- and 5-lb. cans with free bag vaporizers.

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KILLS FLIES · MOSQUITOES
ANTS · ROACHES · MOTHS

A pale sullen blonde-haired woman got out of the buggy and came into the house.

☆ THAT night the stranger's horse stood blanketed, tied on the east side of the cow stable—"beneath the Creator's own pure starlight, where he has slumbered full many a night." The stranger had gaily refused to have one of the Beck animals ejected from the stable to make room for his own horse, though Pury had offered every kindness she knew. The man said No; he and his fair lady must be upon their way before the world was alight.

But they were not reluctant to share in the benefits of the Beck larder, and they did so—the man especially—to an astonishing degree.

The gentleman stayer stood before the fireplace with his coattails caught up over one wrist and a generous slab of fried pork in his other hand. "Cotton M. Busboom—Cotton Mather Busboom, if I may be so explicit! In the region from which I come, they know me as the *Honorable* Cotton M. Busboom—an humble practitioner of the law, my children, now bent on further and even more praiseworthy exploitation of my talents within these wilderness regions. How far did you say it was to the city of Boonesboro?"

Pury patted more corn-dodger cakes in her tired little hands. She had seen few people eat the way the Hon. Cotton Mather Busboom ate. It seemed that she had been baking corn dodger for years.

As for the Lady Fair, she leaned back in the only rocking chair: grandma's little rocker, it was, brought all the way from Ohio before Pury could remember. The fair lady's traveling dress was spotted with mud and her thin kid shoes were cracked and scuffed. She did not help with the preparation of supper.

"A fair drone in this human hive," the Hon. Cotton Mather Busboom had said. "However, my children, always remember that beauty is its own excuse for being." He nodded toward the woman whom he had called Gretel and the children looked upon her with interest, though Pury and Chunk scarcely felt that she could be called beautiful—not with her hair straggling down and her mouth half open when she dozed in the chair.

Pury was awake for an hour or two after she and the younger children retired to the bedroom. Long after the time when the strangers should have made themselves comfortable amid the warm feathers of pa's and ma's, she heard the puncheons squeaking. She felt that the Hon. Busboom was prowling the region beyond. Her keen ears and her keener imagination followed him on his illicit rounds. She heard the creak of a door in the old walnut cabinet and the clink of glass; most assuredly the Hon. Busboom had found the little bottle of cherry balm which ma kept there in case of sickness.

Pury arose and moved an inch at a time in her bare feet. She crept to the door, put her fingers around the iron bolt and silently drew it home. She should have drawn that bolt in the first place; her mother would have wanted her to. She comforted herself even more when her toes reached out in the darkness and touched the hard butt of the shotgun which lay on the floor under Chunk's and Timmy's bed. At last, slowly, her throbbing body and brain found repose.

Then she was awake. It was not fully daylight but she was awake. . . . She was standing between the beds almost before she knew it, rubbing her eyes and trying to remember what had happened. Something had awakened her, she didn't know what. The strangers . . .

Pury sped to the south window and stared into the chilly dawn. The battered stanhope, drawn up near the woodpile on the night before, was gone.

Pury ran to the bedroom door and unfastened the bolt. At first she could not budge the door itself. It opened outward into the kitchen and something—the milk chest, she discovered a moment later—had been placed against it. Her shout brought Chunk from his bed and the other children rose to gape at them.

Together Pury and her brother pushed the door open and stepped into the room beyond. The bed lay disordered, but they had expected that. They had not expected to find drawers standing open and family keepsakes strewn upon the floor.

"The silver creamer!" Pury gasped. "Chunky, the creamer!" Its place was empty; no rising sun could glint upon it now.

"Spoons, too," reported Chunk from the dresser. "Pury, they got our silver spoons. Grandma's spoons!"

Shivering in her nightdress, Puritan ran into the yard. The gash of muddy road showed blank and deserted, but her ears caught a sound from the first ravine toward the west: the jingle of harness and the departing creak of wheels.

☆ SHE fled back to the house and began to throw on her clothes. Delly and Ame were wailing, terrified at the disaster Chunk still reported in furious tones.

"You and Ame and Delly," Pury said, "hush that awful racket this very minute! See, you've made Bubby cry too. Chunk," she ordered, "go get Doctor out of the stable and put a halter on him."

Chunk pulled on his trousers and snapped his galluses into place over his nightshirt. He seized his coat from Pury's outstretched hand.

Puritan stamped into her shoes and, bending down, hauled the shotgun from beneath the bed.

"It's only a mile and a half to the schoolhouse by the path we go," she reported to the blubbering Becks. "It's half again as far by road. Don't you fret, you young uns; Chunky and I can catch them and we'll get back the silver creamer! Here, Peggy, Feeb, Bub, you crawl into bed with Delly

and Ame. You too, Timmy. You can all play bear under the covers, or something, till we get back. Don't get into the sugar or kitchen matches or anything! Mind, now."

In the rear yard Chunk led forth the broad-backed Doctor. He scrambled upon the horse and took the shotgun from his sister's hand. Then he guided Doctor next to the chopping block, from which perch Pury managed to crawl astride, doubling her skirts under her.

☆ DOCTOR was breathing like a blacksmith's bellows as he bounded past the schoolhouse fence at last, and came into the Boonesboro road only ten rods behind the fleeing stanhope.

An unkempt head wearing a rusty stovepipe hat thrust itself out on the right side of the vehicle and then vanished abruptly. The stanhope began to roll more rapidly through the mud; its horse was whipped into a gallop. The margin of a prairie slough waited just beyond, with weeds of the previous autumn brown and greasy beside the wheel tracks. There were logs at this place; the road had been corduroyed to lift it from the mire.

But, as Mr. Adam Wallace told the neighbors next Sunday, when he recited his story outside the church, "it weren't no fit place for horse racing."

"When I heard the ruckus," said Mr. Wallace, "I came out on the stoop and there was Pury and Chunk a-racing their old horse like they was demented. They was hollering fit to wake the dead, and Pury was waving that shotgun and threatening murder with every breath. Then the stranger's horse went down, and the stanhope nigh keeled over on top of it.

"I never did see anybody as green as that fellow in the stovepipe hat! Pury was holding the muzzle square in front of him, and she'd have blowed his head off if he'd started any of his tricks. . . . Certain, they had the silver cream pitcher, and the spoons, and an old daguerreotype frame that the children hadn't missed yet. That was all they took from the Beck place, though Lord knows how much of their other truck was stolen.

"Well, I lifted the shotgun from Pury's hands, though I had to fair pry it loose. She went through the people's stuff, and took what was her'n. I got to figuring then: Prisoners' board would cost this county a pretty penny, and court don't set till June. So I give the Hon. Busboom the flat of my hand a couple of times, and told him to shake the mud of this county off his wheels before darkness struck again or we'd stretch his neck from a cottonwood.

"His horse was standing by that time. He untangled the harness and pulled away from there, and the Beck young uns and I watched him out of sight. He met that other rig just as he topped the first swell."

The other rig was the wagon of Mr. David Dale of Boonesboro, and he had passengers aboard. He had Lieutenant Gerry Beck, late Company G, Seventh Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, and the lieutenant's wife.

Lieutenant Beck was wrapped in shawls. To his children and his neighbor he made light of the arrow wound which had disabled him—"just enough," he said, "to cause me to resign, and not much more."

Mrs. Josephine Beck sobbed, with her arms around her two eldest. "I told Mr. Dale that letter was long delayed and I couldn't understand it," she informed them. "Well, according to Gerry, the mail was held up at Fort Kearney on account of Indian trouble. And your pa got better, and I didn't come, and then there was a chance for him to ride to Omaha in a sutler's wagon. He feared I might be on the way; so his stage driver hailed down every rig they saw after they left Omaha. He was only twenty-five miles west of Boonesboro when we met him."

But Pury heard little of this explanation. She had one arm around her father's knees; she had her face in her mother's skirts. She was thinking of the other children, of the trompedout quilts which were not yet dry, of the inroads that the Hon. Cotton M. Busboom had made in the family larder. She was thinking of Cheyenne Indians, too. That was the first time she cried.

THE END

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Personal Footnote

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BY VIRGINIA FAULKNER

☆ THE shelling was getting much nearer. I could hear their guns now, too. I was sitting at my desk pretending to read an American picture magazine which had been sent along before the trains were stopped. I heard the knock and Fredde talking quietly at the door, but I kept on turning over the pages. There were pictures of a small flood and a brain operation and a musical comedy. Fredde came back from the door and stood waiting until I looked up.

"Your aunt wants to see you at once, Elisabeth," she said.

"Oh. Thank you. All right," I said.

(Now that I am remembering it, I see myself as colorless and static. I might have behaved in a way that meant something. But then there didn't seem to be anything to do but just walk through the events.)

I put out my cigarette and went out of my sitting room and down the corridor past Eitel's wing. That is where I should have been living, but my aunt has a feeling about Eitel's rooms and they have been kept locked since he died.

I went on in to my aunt's sitting room. There was nobody there. I had never before been in that room alone. I mean, of course, some one was always there until they were told they might go. It was very curious how I felt. I just stood watching the quiver of the bric-à-brac and the purring of the woodwork after each concussion.

My aunt came in. "We are going by car, Elisabeth," she said. "Max thinks the plane would be risky. There is the chance that we would be fired on by our own people."

"Is Uncle Max coming with us?" I asked.

"No," said my aunt.

I wanted to say, "Why should *he* stay here?" I wanted the three of us to go away together and be safe. And there was no reason for Uncle Max to stay; there was nothing more he could do.

"Will we leave very soon?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I think so; quite soon," said my aunt. "They'll come and tell us." She went over and sat down on a little straight chair. She did not sit down to rest herself or to reassure me. She just sat down because it was no use to stand.

"Is Fredde going in our motor?" I asked.

"Poor Fredde," my aunt said. Fredde's husband had been killed three days before in the Lotharberg air raid. My aunt did not say, "How is Fredde?" or anything further implicit of her sympathy. The war had lasted a fortnight and expressions of sympathy had become glib. But my aunt did not have to say anything. Fredde was our friend; her sorrow would be with us.

Cokmar came in. "Whenever Your Majesty cares to leave—" he began.

"Cokmar!" exclaimed my aunt in an odd voice.

Cokmar instantly pretended that he had not been interrupted, and stood rigidly in a way which indicated he was all ears.

"Then everything is arranged," said my aunt in the voice to which Cokmar and I were more accustomed.

"Everything, Your Majesty," said Cokmar. "There will only be five cars altogether. The ambassador insisted that—"

"Yes," said my aunt. She turned to me. "You must wear a heavy coat," she said.

There was a tremendously heavy concussion, followed by a series of smaller, brisk ones. "Our own guns," said Cokmar. "And the antiaircraft. I really think—"

I followed my aunt into the outer room. Fredde was waiting, and when I came in she picked up my long sable coat and held it out for me to put on. Until now the coat had been a sort of joke. It was just a mass of pelts that the citizens of a little northern town had given Uncle Max for my aunt, and she gave it to me. Of course I had never actually worn it; I had meant to take it to Paris and have . . .

But Fredde knew it would be warm.

When I saw the way every one was standing, I realized this was actually the Departure. I thought my aunt would go around and give her hand. But she didn't. She went out the door as usual. And, as usual, my aunt was right. We were just some people going away.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

song plugger, and there are three darkies, the Berry Brothers, who dance with an impossible madness and a bone-reckless abandon.

Lady Be Good is an odd musical, fabulous in tremendous sets, a song-and-dance film without a single glimpse of a dancing chorus, far too long, badly put together, lacking in pace—but with sensational moments. Anyway, the dullness is opulent.

★ ★ ★ FATHER TAKES A WIFE

A mild comedy, amusing but tenuous, designed to show what children have to put up with in their adolescent parents. It features the return to films of the once-so-popular Gloria Swanson who has been off the screen since 1934.

Adolphe Menjou plays a shipping magnate who abruptly decides to toss business worries over to his serious-minded son and enjoy life. His sudden transformation is due to his interest in a stage star, otherwise Gloria. He marries her, takes her away on a South American cruise honeymoon. Returning, a young stowaway—a singer trying to get to the States—arouses the bride's interest and the ex-magnate's jealousy. There are bickerings and battles, but Gloria launches her find at a swank New York recital and thereby almost loses her husband.

Thus you have matrimony again viewed from the new Hollywood viewpoint of comedy cynicism. The middle-aged Romeo worries his staid, methodical son and his equally conservative daughter-in-law, but at the fade-out all ends well. Both Gloria and the d.-in-l. are knitting tiny garments.

You'll like Miss Swanson and Menjou as the romantic duo who combine romance, reducing machines, and worries over their calories. A new lad, one Desi Arnaz (pronounced Dessy Ar-nay), is the stowaway. He's a twenty-four-year-old Cuban who has been highly successful in America with his own rumba band.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

★★★—Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me.

LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING, by Marguerite Steen.

The first big best-seller novel of the autumn season is a complexly plotted romantic adventure story beginning in eighteenth-century Bristol and covering fifty years of the life of hard-driving Matthew Flood, who sailed with his own slave trader to the African Gold Coast and left a daughter he never knew to grow up a center of conflict among the great families of Cuba. The yarn runs 1,200 pages, but you won't notice that much.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Billy Conn lost his head in his fight with Joe Louis, decided to "slug it out with the champ" instead of boxing, and lost by a knockout a fight he had practically won already on points.

2—No; the name derives from an old English word meaning "poultry cat," because they preyed on poultry.

3—All the area above 17,000 feet. It can only be used by commercial and civilian planes with special permission.

4—From an airplane a rainbow sometimes appears as a complete circle.

5—According to the World Almanac, the Memorial Coliseum in Los Angeles. It seats 105,000.

6—Senator Byron Patton Harrison.

7—The Braille system for reading, evolved by Louis Braille.

8—Elba, off the coast of Italy, and St. Helena in the South Atlantic.

9—On the contrary, he is paid slightly more than $1,000 a year, for food and expenses.

10—As with all Chinese names, the first name corresponds to our last name. It is correct to say "General Chiang."

11—Martha Jane Burke, a pioneer woman of the West who always carried plenty of guns and knew how to use them, which is how she earned her nickname.

12—They both receive the same—$10,000.

13—Prime numbers are divisible only by themselves and one.

14—Cheese—American consumption of which has doubled in recent years.

15—Frédéric Chopin, Johannes Brahms, Ludwig van Beethoven, Wolfgang Mozart.

16—The castanets used in Spanish dances. It comes from a Latin word meaning "little chestnuts."

17—Texas. The government agreed at the time Texas was admitted to the Union to allow Texas to divide its area into any number of states up to four, provided they have sufficient population.

18—London, in 1890. Boston, a few years later, opened the first subway in America.

19—On the side showing Jefferson's portrait.

20—He is Secretary of Commerce and Federal Loan Administrator.

1/2 PRICE SALE

79¢ TRANSPARENT PLASTIC BACK Pro-phy-lac-tic HAIR BRUSH

$1.00 SIZE WILDROOT WITH OIL OR REGULAR FORMULA

REGULAR VALUE $1.79 BOTH FOR 89¢

Limited time only!

Bargain Combination Offer includes 79¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and $1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily)...a $1.79 value. Both for 89¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming *transparent* plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair...relieves dryness...removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 89¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, New York.

Carnival!

BY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ THE big cities hardly know them, but they are as regular an annual visitation upon the smaller towns as the Sunday-school picnic itself, which, however, in even the most elastic imagination they are rather far from resembling. They are the so-called carnival shows; they flourish most luxuriantly in the period from May to October; and they represent in the aggregate the most egregious entertainment enterprise currently functioning in the Democracy.

The carnival show of the present is an outgrowth and development of the old medicine show of hallowed memory. Way back in the last century the seed was planted when migratory vendors of hypothetical cure-alls, alleged to have been brewed from mysterious Indian herbs, discovered that their spiels on the wonders of their magical philters were beginning to lose some of their pristine commercial puissance and when they were driven to amplify their hortatory performances with pitch acts of one species or another.

Card tricks were accordingly brought forth to lure the suckers to the kill. A stray Swedish servant girl, questing the romance of the open road and succumbing to the wiles of the therapeutical professor, was smeared with walnut juice, embellished with beads and chicken feathers, and displayed to the potential trade as a Chippewa princess, daughter of the big Indian chief responsible for the occult remedy. Or, after an elaborately furtive, if gratuitous, look to right and left to make certain no constable was in the environs, the pitchman would electrify the hicks with a demonstration of a remarkable shoe polish—a box free to each purchaser of a dollar bottle of the nostrum—that made a pair of patent-leather shoes carefully camouflaged with wet flour forthwith look exactly like a pair of patent-leather shoes.

"My friends, this mystic shoe polish, the secret formula of a French monk, will do the same for those very shoes you are now wearing, whether black, yellow, white, or any other color. One box of this mystical polish to each and every one of you absolutely free of charge, and with it a bottle of Old Sioux Elixir absolutely guaranteed as to contents and absolutely guaranteed to cure the hives, mumps, sore feet, diphtheria, neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, piles, common colds, pneumonia, warts, backache, and smallpox infection at only one dollar the bottle."

The years passed, and with their passing the medicine men found even greater need for showmanship. The card tricks, Swedish Indian princesses, and the magical shoe polish no longer in themselves sufficed to magnetize the hayseeds. So three-piece bands, academically composed of trombone, fiddle and drum, acrobats, freaks of one description and another, hooch dancers, or something of the small circus sort were rushed into the breach. And then more years passed and what was once the medicine show became the carnival show.

While many of these carnivals are conducted in what is allowed by the trade to be an upright and ethical manner, there are wayward others that have often given the industry a bad name. Whereas the old medicine shows swindled the rubes only in the case of the supernatural panaceas (the shoe polishes, etc., being gratis, not correctly counting), these fly-by-night carnivals bamboozle them in countless ways. Fixed gambling slot machines, Japanese roller-ball prize games with the top number holes contractible at the operators' will, ring-tossing games with the prize canes and umbrellas so placed at an angle that no ring can encircle them, sensational side shows ("all for the price of a dime") with the pseudo-sensations calling for an extra dime or even a quarter in an adjoining canvas partition, weight-guessing machine controlled by electrical wires, prize candy boxes containing silver watches that may be covertly removed from the exhibition packages by hooks and elastics concealed in the butchers' sleeves, saucy French post-cards the top and only saucy one of which is palmed by the vendor upon handing over the set ("Put 'em in your pocket quick, please, mister, before a cop comes!"), and many other like feints and fetches lie in eager wait. And what money, if any, the jakes have left when they conclude it is time to go home is meat for the pickpockets who usually follow such carnivals with the assiduity of vultures following a desert wanderer in the visibly last stages of phthisis florida.

However, in recent years the carnivals have made a show of protecting the yokel's last nickel by putting up signs solicitously urging him to beware of pickpockets. The average yokel's idea of being beware of pickpockets is, pursuant to a technique which he has culled from a plausible stranger at the previous year's carnival, always to place your money not in the right-hand pants pocket, as heretofore and as usual, but in the left-hand one. The result is that no pickpocket has dipped into a yokel's right-hand pants pocket since July 4, 1930.

The carnival show of today in its general aspect is an amalgam of jitney circus, minor pleasure park, and street fair. The circus' animal acts and acrobats, the pleasure park's rides and roller coasters, and the street fair's games of chance, fortune tellers and candy floss are part and parcel of it, but on a perceptibly reduced scale.

"Absolutely guaranteed to cure hives, mumps, rheumatism!"

erty's sardonic connoisseur of Americana
ts a critical eye at some summertime
nanigans—and gives you eye-opening facts

If the carnivals have contributed anything to the great American amusement culture, it is the diversity of their rides. The geniuses of the open-lot shows have concocted more and more various devices to rattle the insides out of a client than the human fancy ever previously dreamed of after a banquet of Welsh rabbits, raw hamburgers and Danish pastry. Aside from the mere Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, roller coaster, shoot the chutes, and such antediluvian eye-gougers, brain-spinners and spine-splinterers, their repertoire of more recherché aches and pains includes the following: the Roll-o-Plane, Double Whip, Ridee-O, Tilt-a-Whirl, Loop-o-Plane, Silver Streak, Octopus Ride, Looper Ride, Dipsy-Doodle, Aerial Joyride, Chair-o-Plane, Parachute Drop, Auto Kid Ride, Motor Drome, Sunset Slide, Hey-Day Sky Pilot, Flying Scooter, Whizbang, Caterpillar, Eagle Flight, Whirlspin, Lindy Loop, Airplane Swing, Rocket, Flyoplane, and Skysweeper, one and all, save possibly the Auto Kid Ride, certified to excel the effect of two dozen warm Martini cocktails.

It is in these rides that the carnivals have displayed their prime ingenuity. The rest of the picture remains much the same season after season. Aside from the introduction of girl shows, variously dubbed Follies, Oriental Beauties, Harem Maids, Night in Paris, Venuses on Parade, and the like, the average carnival of any pretensions that one happens to drop in on nowadays is pretty certain to look exactly like the same carnival of five and ten years ago. The ballyhoo has not varied; the free acts, such as trapeze performers, sway-pole equilibrists, boxing bears, etc., are of a piece with those of yesterday; the awesome banners proclaiming the Deep Sea Wonders and Curiosities from Neptune's Bed still draw the crowds into the tent; and the snake, geek, chimp, monkey, and other such shows still revel in their grand old smells. And the hicks still throw away their good dimes, quarters and dollars on roller ball, ring, toss, wheel, and raffle games in the fond hope of winning one of the rare and beautiful Ming table lamps—"Worth at least twenty-five dollars, ladies and gents, and fit for an emperor's palace"—that costs the operators $5.40 a dozen.

This brings us to the actual cost prices of the other rich treasures displayed to the gambling-minded greenhorn. The Vanity-Lite, a favorite prize and boomed to be worth $4.50, costs the operator just eighty-five cents. The thirty-inch silk parasols come to two dollars the dozen. The china-head canes cost six dollars a gross. The patriotic wall plaques may be had for sixty cents the dozen, or $6.50 the gross. The beautiful powder boxes that reap in the dollars are $1.80 a dozen; the fountain-pen-and-pencil sets are $1.90 the dozen sets; and the handsome solid gold pendants, lockets and necklaces cost as little as $1.80 a dozen.

The difference between the prices the hawkers pay for novelties, souvenirs, toys, elixirs, and gimmicks, and the prices diddled from the customers may be contemplated by the latter, perhaps somewhat wistfully, from the following brief statistical list:

1. "Your Name in Raised Coral-Colored Letters on a Genuine Tropical Sea-Shell Brooch"—cost, two and one-half cents complete with printed brooch card and taking just half a minute to assemble with Duco cement. Cost to customer, twenty-five cents.
2. Gold shell bracelet—cost, $1.80 a dozen. Cost to customer, fifty cents.
3. Horn shell necklace on plastic chain—cost, two dollars a dozen. Cost to customer, fifty cents.
4. "Plastic Fruit Knives, Each Mounted on a Beautiful Four-Colored Card"—cost, sixteen dollars a gross. Nick to buyer, seventy-five cents.
5. "Laxated Herb Wonder Medicine"—cost, one dollar a pound of water soluble powder that makes two gallons of diuretic laxative, with thirty-two fancy labels thrown in. Cost to constipatee, fifty to seventy-five cents.
6. "Snappy Giant Chewing-Gum Boxes," each box containing twenty cellophaned packs of gum—cost, from twenty-five to twenty-eight cents. Cost to emptor, one dollar.
7. Military novelty, "If You Gotta Go, You Gotta Go," patriotic label on box showing army and navy men saluting, box containing metal lavatory and illustration of draftee on the run—cost, $1.50 a dozen. Cost to connoisseur of refined humor, fifty cents.
8. "La France Floral Plaques"—cost for thirty assorted plaques, $9.75. Cost to ceramics lover, one dollar each.

But it still costs only two nickels, a dime, the one-tenth part of a dollar, ladies and gents, and step this way quickly, please, if you want to get in ahead of the crowd, to see John Hanna, the Australian sheep-headed man; Ella Wolfe, who climbs a sword ladder in her bare feet; and Martha Joy, the girl with the horse's head. And if Zambeezi, the pin-headed pygmy, alas, went to his Maker last May after a brilliant twenty-year career of gibbering at the carnival trade, let the countryside not be downhearted. His equally pin-headed brother, known to the lots as Illa Ellakoola, happily and mercifully survives him.

THE END

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ I AM writing this in behalf of those of us who have enlisted in the Regular Army for three years and who wish to marry. (You know that we are not permitted to do so until we make at least the third grade of noncom.) The family is the smallest but by far the most important unit in democratic society. This is recognized to such an extent that in some countries excessive taxes are imposed upon bachelors. If the family is so important to the welfare of our country, shouldn't the government help rather than hinder its establishment and maintenance? My suggested remedy is that the enlisted man be given or loaned an allowance sufficient to care for his wife and possible family, in the event that he marries. If I were contemplating marriage, I would be perfectly willing to consider such an allowance as a loan, to be paid back in installments after the date of discharge from the service.

Pvt. R. C. McC.,
Tucson Air Base, Ariz.

That's an interesting thought, private. It would take too many words for me to go into all the pros and cons of the problem, but you must realize that many of the Army's regulations are based on and designed for a small standing peacetime army of "professionals," not a wartime citizen-army of millions. Altered basic conditions will inevitably result in altered laws. But that will take time and I can only offer you this "cold comfort" meanwhile.

I'm about to be inducted into the Army. Suppose I should go to Canada, volunteer, and be accepted for active duty in the Canadian Army. Would I be considered a draft evader, as such subject to imprisonment, and would I lose my citizenship?

J. B. K., Appleton, Wis.

The President recently stated that there was nothing to stop Americans from enlisting in Canadian or British forces, provided they did not take an oath of allegiance. You would not be considered a draft evader, but you ought to advise your draft board after you have taken the step, so that their records will be straight. Thus you will not be subject to penalty nor will you lose your citizenship. But don't take this to mean that I am advising you one way or the other. That's up to you.

Should a noncommissioned officer be "yes-sirred" and "no-sirred" by a private or noncom lower in rank? We don't think so and it kinda makes us gag to see it overdone by one of our buddies.

Pvt. K. E. P., Fort Devens, Mass.

Sure sounds like "polishing the apple" to me. There's no more reason to "sir" a noncom than there is to salute him; and that, as you know, is not authorized except at ceremonies and under specific conditions. Any noncom worth his salt won't fall for that kind of bootlicking anyway, so your buddy is probably wasting his time.

A group of Kentuckians is planning a visit to soldiers of the 38th Division at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and would like to know exactly when the division will go on and return from maneuvers so that we may complete arrangements for our visit. Can you help?

A. L. F., Louisville, Ky.

I'm answering you on this page for the benefit of all others who may want similar information. You should write to the Public Relations Officer at the permanent post of the organization in question and he will gladly give you the answer. I can tell you now that the Fifth Army Corps, of which the 38th Division is a unit, is scheduled for maneuvers in the Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, area, from August 16 to 30.

After finishing a very difficult course in teletype maintenance at an Air Corps technical school and passing an exam making me eligible for an air mechanic rating, I was returned to Randolph Field and assigned to a squadron which has no use for my training. I've tried several times to transfer, but have run up against regulations and bullheaded top kicks who won't listen. I understand that the Army has great need of men with my training, but I'm doing work that any kid could do. And I can't get my rating until I'm actually doing teletype maintenance work. What to do?

Pvt. M. G., Randolph Field, Tex.

Well, there are other ways of killing a cat than by skinning it, and if I couldn't get to talk to my C. O. through channels, I'd certainly try to run into him by accident and take the opportunity to state my case. The Army didn't give you a special education for no purpose and you should be where the Army can realize on its investment in you. Try it . . . and luck.

I am a recruit instructor and have been asked this question many times: Why do the chevrons on American Army uniforms always point up, not down? My own answer is: Because the United States has never been defeated in a major war. Am I right?

Corp. F. F., Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

I don't see the logic of your answer but I can't contradict you because nothing in Army files reveals an official explanation. I'd like to know, too. Perhaps some Army historian can help us out. How about it?

It was night. The private called out to a dimly seen figure, "Hey, gimme a light, willya?" The other obliged, and

"If he hits anything, it's good night, sir—we just chased him off the munitions dump!"

in the light of the match the private discerned the stars of a general. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the private. "I didn't intend any disrespect." "That's all right," said the general, "but you ought to thank God I'm not a second lieutenant."

Nichols News, Nichols Field,
Rizal, P. I.

DEFINITION

Itches is something that when a recruit is standing at attention his nose always.

The Army Times.

WHY I JOINED THE NAZIS—Continued from Page 25

But it was Berlin that executed the decision. The army corps stationed in Saxony received the order to march on Dresden and to depose the Zeigener Communist government. The army did this eagerly. After Saxony came Thuringia's turn. The two Red governments resigned. The great political project evolved at Munich had no further *raison d'être.*

Hitler decided to march nevertheless. Kahr and Ludendorff opposed his plan. It is known in what circumstances Hitler forced Kahr to give his consent—at the point of a revolver. Ludendorff was informed only at the last minute, but he placed himself at the head of the parade that marched through the streets of Munich. The adventure ended badly. The soldiers of the Reichswehr fired on the demonstrators, fourteen of whom were killed. Ludendorff marched erect among the bullets that were whistling around his head. Hitler fled to Uffing, near Munich, where he was arrested two days later.

On the following day I went to see Ludendorff. He was surprised. "What gives you the courage to come to me after what happened yesterday?" he said. "Everybody accuses me of high treason."

Ludendorff has never explained to me how he came to be involved in the action, of which he personally disapproved. I am convinced that the only reason why he did not withdraw from it was that he had given his officer's oath and that he considered himself bound.

General von Seeckt, General von Lossow, Commissioner General von Kahr, and the Bavarian government desired a right-wing government in Germany. No doubt they did not entirely agree on the details; but on the whole it was a question of attempting all over again what Kapp had tried in Berlin. Only, this time failure was to be averted by starting the coup in Munich, where the population was monarchist. Hitler, however, desired only one thing—to seize the power for himself.

Never again did Ludendorff mention Hitler to me. I have never known for what reason he had broken with him. As for von Kahr, he subsequently retired from political life. Yet Hitler had him assassinated at the age of seventy-two on June 30, 1934.

What the Young Plan had to do with Thyssen's financing the Nazi Party and getting other industrialists to back Hitler; how Rudolf Hess brought about closer relations between Thyssen and Hitler; what Thyssen thought Hitler's rise would mean, and "what a fool I was to believe him sincere!"—all this and much more will be told to the world by Fritz Thyssen himself in Liberty next week.

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Dogs differ. There are thousands of setters in this world, but you'll never find another champion like this.
FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
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READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

☆ PACKAGE it round or square if it's for a lady, oblong if for a man—because men carry bundles tucked under an arm, whereas women prefer to dangle them with a finger through the string. . . . On entering a store, most men turn left, most women right. That's why left-hand counters display men's wares, starting with hats, while women's goods take the right and begin with hosiery, undies, slips. . . . Though our choice of packages differs as to shape and color, both men and women want nice boxes they can use or save for Christmas gifting, when there's always a household shortage. Selling boxed merchandise, some smart stores now paste a decorative sticker over the commercial label, so the box will have home value. . . . My authority for all this is packaging expert Michael Mordkin, Jr., son of the famous ballet master. Just as his father perfected dance showmanship, young Mr. Mordkin has won national repute for his mercantile showmanship. Over a recent *week-end* he designed and produced two and a half million blanket labels, running through fourteen tons of paper and two thousand pounds of ink. You can judge the volume of his work from that. . . . "To comply with new federal laws," he told me, "labels must be more informative than ever before. *Read labels carefully.* We now put on labels that all but give the customer a special training course in the uses of the product."

☆ AMONG thirty-two suspects a recent spy raid netted a trio of females, none of the three alluring or glamorous. Romantic people were disappointed by their photographs in the newspapers. An Intelligence officer tells me this is the rule, not the exception. Said he: "We don't worry much about dazzling night-club Mata Haris. Vanity soon gives their game away. The *hard* ones to catch are the frumps."

"How is that for size, madam?"

☆ THREE new gadgets for gals who *really work* in their kitchens: Adjustable roast rack, holds large roasts or small, prevents shrinkage of meat by quick-roasting the English way, costs $1. . . . Pretty-colored cup holders, stack 6 cups in cupboard corner, swell space savers, 2 for 29 cents. . . . Reversible top-of-the-stove broiler for chops, pancakes, etc., economizes on gas, $3.

☆ "'TAIN'T true," writes Mrs. Charlotte Williams from Mexico City, that roosters have been banned from rooftops there. Her letter says: "A man drives *turkeys* through the streets with a long whip, so they're as thin as snipe. Well-to-do Mexicans buy them and fatten them on their roofs, where they gobble ear-splittingly, while cocks crow, and garbage collectors ring bells, and night watchmen blow whistles. Yet we've enjoyed every minute of our stay here. Indian flower girls sell armloads of lovely blossoms for nine cents. An old native woman cooks the most superb turkey *tacos* over a little curbstone fire in front of a drugstore. The proprietor of the chief Nazi restaurant sits with an enormous revolver on the table beside his plate, to scare off enemies. Mexico City teems with exciting sights, sounds, smells. Don't miss it if you can make the trip." . . . Nice letter! Mrs. Williams gladdens me by declaring she has been a constant reader of Liberty and To the Ladies throughout extended travel in Australia, New Zealand, the Americas.

☆ BEST all-round book, she says, for trippers planning a now-so-popular Mexican vacation, is George Seaton's What to See and Do in Mexico. (Published a couple of years ago by Prentice Hall, Inc. $3.50.)

☆ WHETHER or not you're lucky enough to be going to Mexico this season, I believe you'll enjoy *chalupas* as an informal supper-party dish. They are *muy simpático* with beer. . . . To serve six, make a dozen corn-meal pancakes. Have ready 1 cup canned baked beans mashed to paste, plenty of shredded lettuce, grated American cheese. Prepare sauce as follows: In 2 tablespoons butter fry together 1 chopped onion, 2 kernels garlic, 2 chopped green peppers, 1 cup ground beef. Add 1 cup fresh tomatoes and simmer till thick, then add salt and 1 teaspoon chili powder. Spread each pancake with bean paste; top with a spoonful of sauce, a mound of lettuce, a sprinkle of cheese.

☆ NINA WILCOX PUTNAM names her mother-in-law, Frances Putnam, as the *most helpful* person she ever has known. That seems the viewpoint generally taken now by modern kin-in-law. It's been a good while since I have encountered one of those stupid old mother-in-law jokes. Remember how common they used to be? Nobody ever laughed at them, except by force of habit. And a silly, insulting habit it was. Good riddance!

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS

Continued from Page 29

Doc said: "Never mind that. Who paid for this wagon?"

"Huh?" said the mechanic.

"Who handed over the money?"

"The guy that rode in the car when we come in. And another fellow—face like a weasel."

Doc Masters grabbed the mechanic and dragged him to where he could see the Penguin bench. Doc pointed at Silky Gill. "Him?"

"Yeah." The mechanic stuck his chin out angrily. "Say—he's a Penguin, ain't he? What are they trying to pull? I'm a Jackdaw fan myself."

But Doc Masters was already on his way back to the Jackdaw bench. He gathered the team around him. "Boys," said the Doc, "this is serious."

"You bet!" said the Littleboy. "Three runs behind."

"I don't mean that," said Doc. "It's that car!" He glared at Pete Barney.

Pete said: "I been telling you that."

"You know who bought that car? Silky Gill! The Penguins paid for it!"

McPherson swore. "A bribe!" he roared.

Doc Masters pointed at Pete. "Yes! They've bought you with a new auto!"

"Bought me?" Pete sounded bewildered. "What do you mean?"

"You're worse than Shoeless Joe Jackson," said McPherson. "Don't you know a bribe when you see one?"

"Bribe!" said Pete. "Wait a minute. You mean that car ain't no gift?"

"Gift!" Doc Masters shouted. "From the Penguins? You don't call it a gift when you're paid to throw a game!"

The umpire yelled: "Hey, Jackdaws! Get a batter up here. You're holding up the game!"

"Pete's at bat," said the Littleboy.

☆ PETE grabbed a bat. His eyes were shining. "A bribe!" said Pete with relish. "That's swell. There ain't no jinx on a bribe." He hurried out to the batter's box, kicked in his spikes, and spat. "O. K., ape," Pete bellowed. "You ain't got nothing! Put it near me and watch it ride."

The Jackdaws stared. "Doc, you letting him stay?" asked one.

Doc nodded. "Sure. Pete never sold out. Silky Gill remembered Pete's pet jinx and worked on it. Pete'll do better now that—"

"Wow!" McPherson exploded in Doc's ear. The crowd howled.

Doc whirled. Pete was halfway to first, and out in the left-field bleachers the fans were scrambling for the ball he'd hit. Pete circled the bases wearing a broad grin.

The Littleboy let out a long breath. "That's more like it," he said. "Let's get those other runs back."

"Yeah," said the Doc. "We'd better. Pete'd rather have a bribe than a gift, but I ain't sure the Commissioner'd like it."

Pete's homer upset Tarzan, and the Jackdaws were suddenly very much in the ball game. Three successive singles brought in another run; but the Penguins, trying to save their lead, played over their heads and retired the side. Penguins 3; Jackdaws 2.

It stayed that way through the eighth inning. The Littleboy slammed the ball past the Penguins. Tarzan Preston matched him pitch for pitch.

The Penguins got a man on first in their half of the ninth. The next batter slashed a savage liner toward right. Pete Barney went three feet off the ground, slapped the ball down, leaped on it, threw to second for the force-out, and raced back to first to take the throw retiring the batter. It was the hardest type of double play, and it brought the crowd up cheering.

Doc Masters was waiting when the Jackdaws came in for their last turn at bat. "All right," said the Doc. "This is it. One run to tie. Two to win."

The crowd was making one constant noise. Nobody left their seats. The first Jackdaw batter drove the Penguin center fielder back to the fence, but the Penguin pulled the ball down. Keefer, batting second, singled to left.

"There's the tying run," said Doc. "Get it around."

The Jackdaw at bat dropped a perfect bunt down the third-base line. He was out at first, but Keefer was on second in scoring position. And Pete Barney came to bat.

Tarzan Preston took his time. He slipped one past Pete for a strike, letter high. Twice Tarzan tried to work the corners and missed. Pete fouled the fourth pitch. The next was high for a three and two count.

"Come on!" said Pete. "I ain't got all day."

The stands were hushed, waiting. Tarzan drew his sleeve across his face, glanced at Keefer, rubbed the ball on his shirt. Then he reared back and pitched it in.

It was the knuckler, and Pete met it as it broke. The moment Tarzan heard the bat clunk into the ball, he threw his glove down and walked off the field, not looking. He was right. Pete put it out of the park.

The crowd piled down from the stands, and there was a mob waiting for Pete when he touched home. Doc Masters and the Littleboy grabbed him, but they couldn't fight through the jam. The crowd was pushing and screaming. Then a horn honked and the bright blue car edged its way alongside Pete.

The mechanic jumped out, grinning. "Your car, Mr. Barney."

Pete laughed. "O. K. to take it, Doc?"

"Sure," said the Doc. "You earned it." Then, as Pete slipped under the steering wheel, Doc said: "Wait a minute." He stood up on the running board and peered toward the Penguin bench. The Penguins were gloomily packing their bats.

"Hey, Silky!" shouted the Doc.

The crowd, curious, quieted.

Silky Gill turned his head.

"Want a ride?" said Doc Masters.

THE END

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THE LAST WORD: *A New Story by Sinclair Lewis*

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FULTON OURSLER

WITH PRIDE WE OFFER a new short story next week by Sinclair Lewis. It is a yarn of two generations in the American drama, an actress of other days finding a new kind of experience in a summer theater. They Had Magic Then is the title given to that story by its author, who always has magic in everything that he writes and does. "Red" Lewis is one of the fascinating human beings living in a world composed largely of people affected with echolalia—animated echo boxes regurgitating newspaper editorials and speeches by Mayor LaGuardia. Lewis is not only a great American novelist but one of the world's great conversationalists. His talk is torrential. He has a photographic memory, which helps to explain the vivid and realistic details present in all his writings.

ON THE NIGHT WE FIRST MET he astounded me by quoting a paragraph verbatim from a novel I had written—an undeserved compliment, but I shall never forget it. The occasion was an interesting dinner party; two Nobel prize winners and their wives were at the table, Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson and Herr and Frau Gerhart Hauptmann. The contrast between the men prize winners was fantastic. Hauptmann, the playwright, behaved in private life like an actor, playing the part of Goethe reincarnated. Lewis was implacably the Yankee, vivid, nervous, sensitive, and skeptical—a genuine man. Lewis and his wife and Grace Perkins and I talked until dawn on that occasion. My wife and I were completely enchanted with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Since then "Red" has actually been an actor. I saw his first performance of It Can't Happen Here in the charming summer playhouse at Scituate, Massachusetts. It was a good performance, but I could not help thinking that the creative artist wastes his time in interpretive art. I am glad that Sinclair Lewis is writing again and utterly delighted to be able to present his new story to Liberty readers next week.

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER, by Fritz Thyssen, continues with more of the German industrialist's observations of the Nazi scene. As our readers now know, Thyssen does not deal with personalities so much as with ideas, and in presenting these ideas, his courage is sheer, downright, and absolute. Not a mere series of reminiscences, these articles by Hitler's apostate financier look with broad vision on modern Germany, point out its sins and inherent weaknesses, and seek to show the way to a reconstructed Europe, built on decency and common sense.

FROM INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS TO FOOTBALL is a transition to be accomplished next week merely by turning a few pages. Pigskin Forecast, by Eddie Dooley, famous football expert and radio broadcaster, tells you what you can expect from the outstanding teams during the coming season. Mr. Dooley has not looked into a crystal; instead he has obtained factual information from the coaches of the major teams in the country. The results constitute a prophecy on which he is risking a considerable reputation. There are many other entertaining and exciting features, among which I especially recommend a short story, Grampa and the Spirit of '76, by Frederick Nebel; What British Labor Wants After the War, an interview by Johannes Steel with Arthur Greenwood, the British Labor leader; It Is Corn, but They Like It, a story about Gene Autry by Howard Sharpe; Why Washington Does Not Want a Separate Air Force, by Walter Karig (in which Mr. Karig shows why the War Department fights a separate aviation department; we do not agree with this point of view but publish it in the spirit of fair play); Trailer Neighbors, by Norma Lee Browning; another installment of Oscar Schisgall's stirring serial, Tomorrow We March; and many other features, together with all the regular departments. Don't you think that all sounds pretty good?

SALMAGUNDI: Bouquet and Brickbat: From M. C. King, 205 East Eighth Street, Topeka, Kansas: "Did any one ever tell you you look like Adolphe Menjou? Well, you do. There is no reason for writing this card and also it is 102 in the shade—and no shade." . . . From Arthur D. Gans, Baltimore, Maryland: "Every time I look at your picture, I think of the devil." . . . Another candidate for the longest name of any lake or river in the United States comes from Byron C. Tillinghast, Sr., 341 West Fifty-first Street, New York City: "My memory may be faulty as to the exact spelling, but I believe the Indian name for Three Tree Lake near Webster, Massachusetts, is Chaugaugagaugmauchaugagaugchaubunaganugaumaug." . . . Irving Wallace, who writes stories for Liberty, and Sylvia Kahn have entered into a lifetime collaboration. The ceremony took place in Santa Barbara, California, in June. . . . The name of Sloan is synonymous with General Motors; for seven years it has also been identified with the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation whose activities consist of granting financial aid to specific projects in the field of American economic education and research. The report for 1940 has just reached my desk and shows that over $300,000 was granted in the one year to ten institutions. What interests me especially is that the Foundation permits no activities "designed to influence legislation or of a propaganda nature." Big business can be, and often is, unselfish and altruistic. . . . Mrs. Hattie Stones of Webster Groves, Missouri, has a new peeve: " 'Continued on page —' does not bother me, but I do object to 'You will not want to miss—,' Liberty, June 28, 1941, and several times in the past. I do not believe you can foretell the mind of every reader of Liberty. I, and perhaps many others, *do* want to miss, for example, what Mr. Sokolsky thinks Matsuoka is really like. No one person 'really' knows another. I do not like the expression 'you will not want—'; it implies that you think we have no minds of our own. It tends to make us think you are very conceited. Every time I read that sentence it hits me smack in the face. But I shall continue to read and enjoy Liberty, even if I do get a swat once in a while. In my judgment Liberty is the best magazine published."

Which only goes to prove that Shakespeare was right—"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—AUGUST 30, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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. . .

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY PRESTON DUNCAN

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

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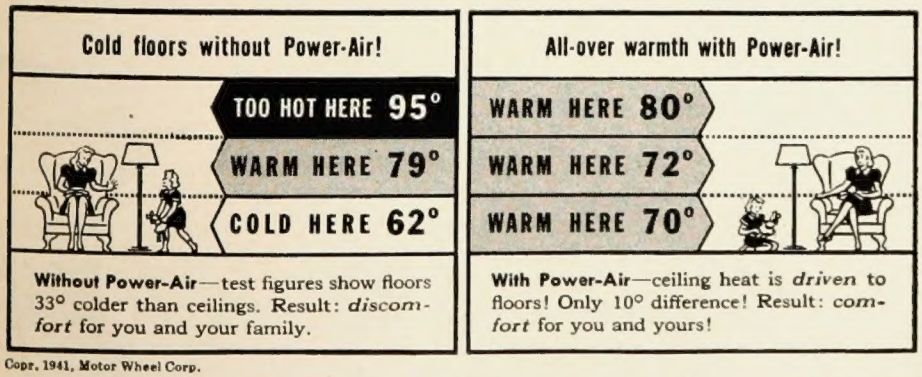
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● *Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light leaf, before aging*

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